

Changes



Walden
PREPARATORY SCHOOL

83-84

Holly Faulkner-N. Fred you - 4 ever
Deff Jinni Ceecon
Rosed Amy Jones
Cita Brennan Craig Park
Butt Balk Debbie Sonhardt Wayne Stogles
Mike Sappia Tom
Gishersditz Lauren Burns
Brown
Alan Shafer Wendy Street
Bork
Bill Cole



Changes

Changes Without

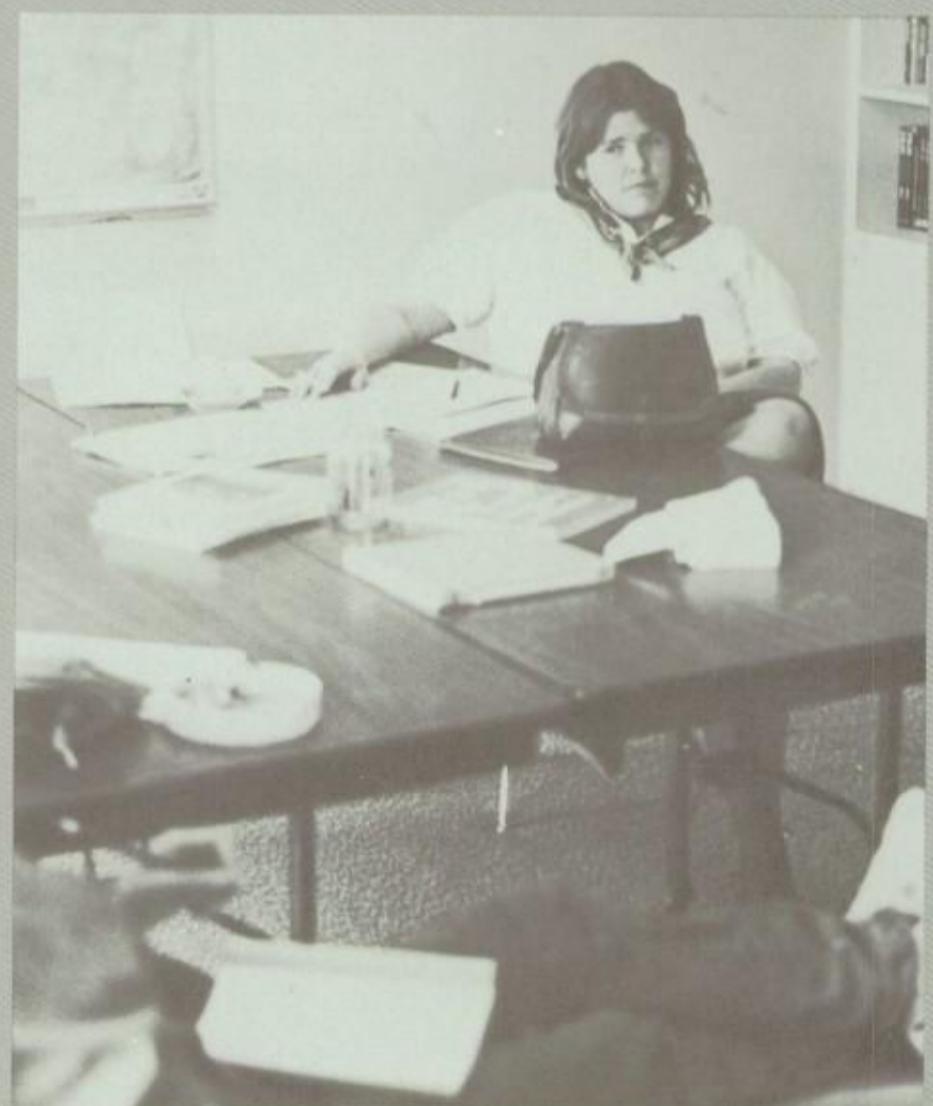
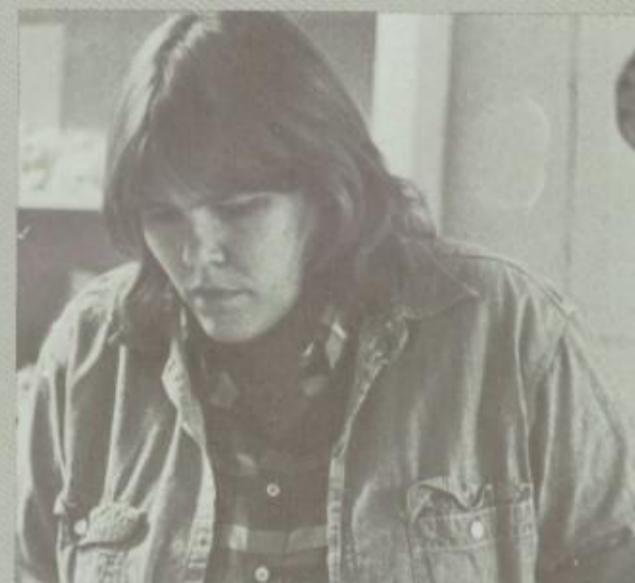
83-84 brought a lot of changes to Walden — and to each of us. Some changes helped things — some helped us to learn lessons. But the school has changed because each of us has changed. And I hope it continues. Because it is change that allows us to be alive.

Thanks to each of you for making this a special year in Walden's history. The students who made up the school and the teachers who helped us all to learn. And a special word to Linda, Nancy Joe, Trish, Bart, Mike, and all of you who worked so hard to record this year. Thank you.



Changes

Within









And Individually

CHANGES

Changes in time
Changes in the season
Changes of mind
Could age be the reason?

Twelve long years
Of living and learning
So many fears
Our heads keep turning.

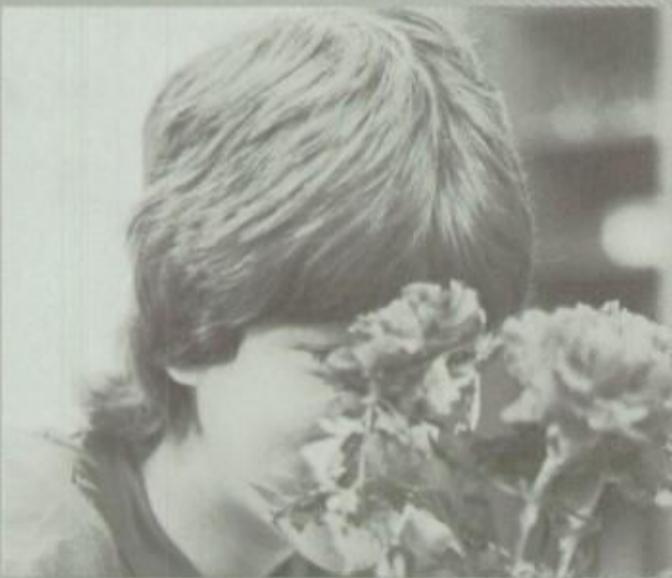
People come and people go
Throughout our younger years
Learning things we didn't know
Intimidation from our peers.

Different faces
Different names
Same ole places
Same ole games.

We go through the motions
We rewrite the lines
We change our emotions
To go with the times.

But as time goes by
And lives rearrange
What we remember
Will never change.

Cherie Stewart





*Walden
is
People*

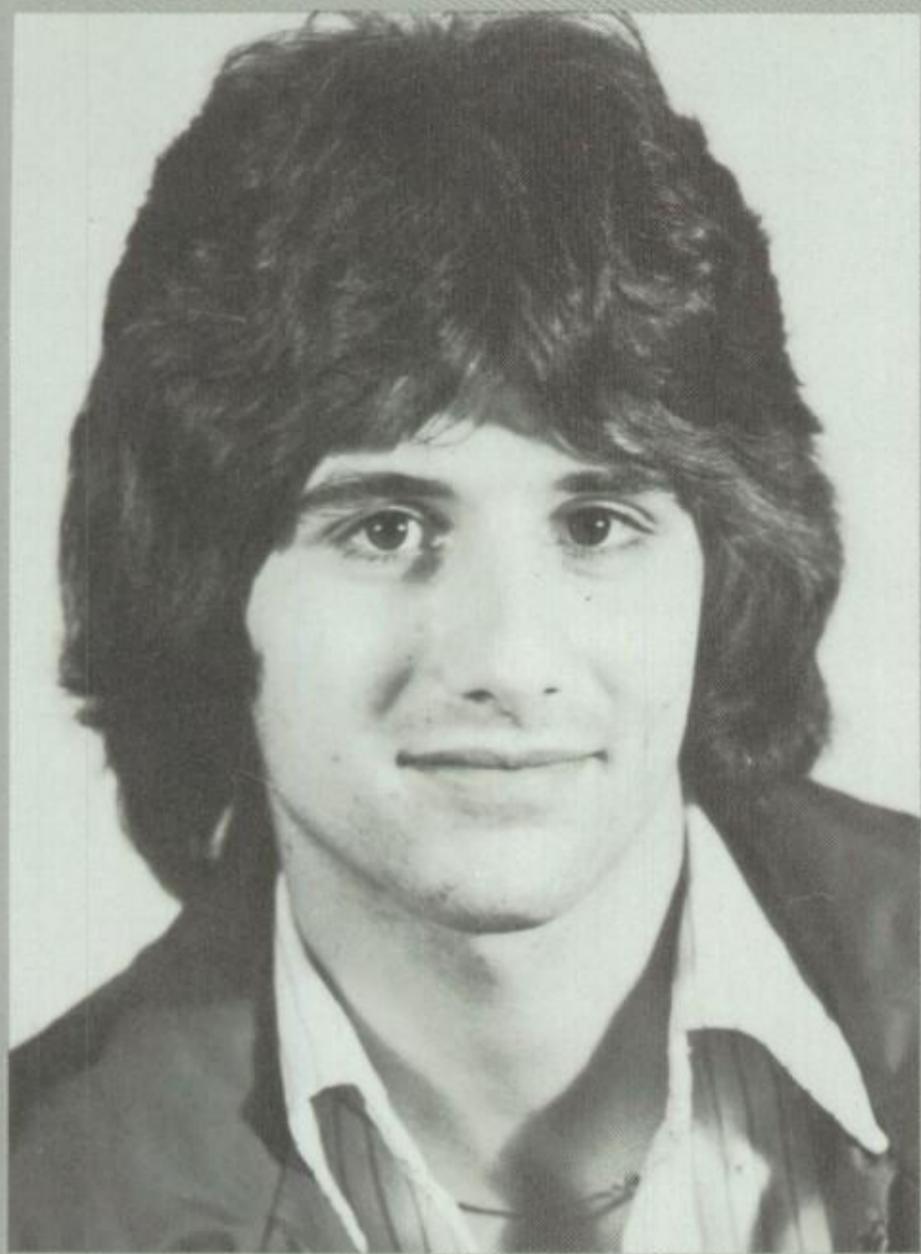


"Solitude is independance"
— Hesse

A man of the world



Food for thought



Andy Knopf



JoDe Damer



Adopt a Waldenite today.



If you only knew . . .



Art is a rough job



Derek James



Kelly Faulkner



O.k., O.k., I'll sign up for art!



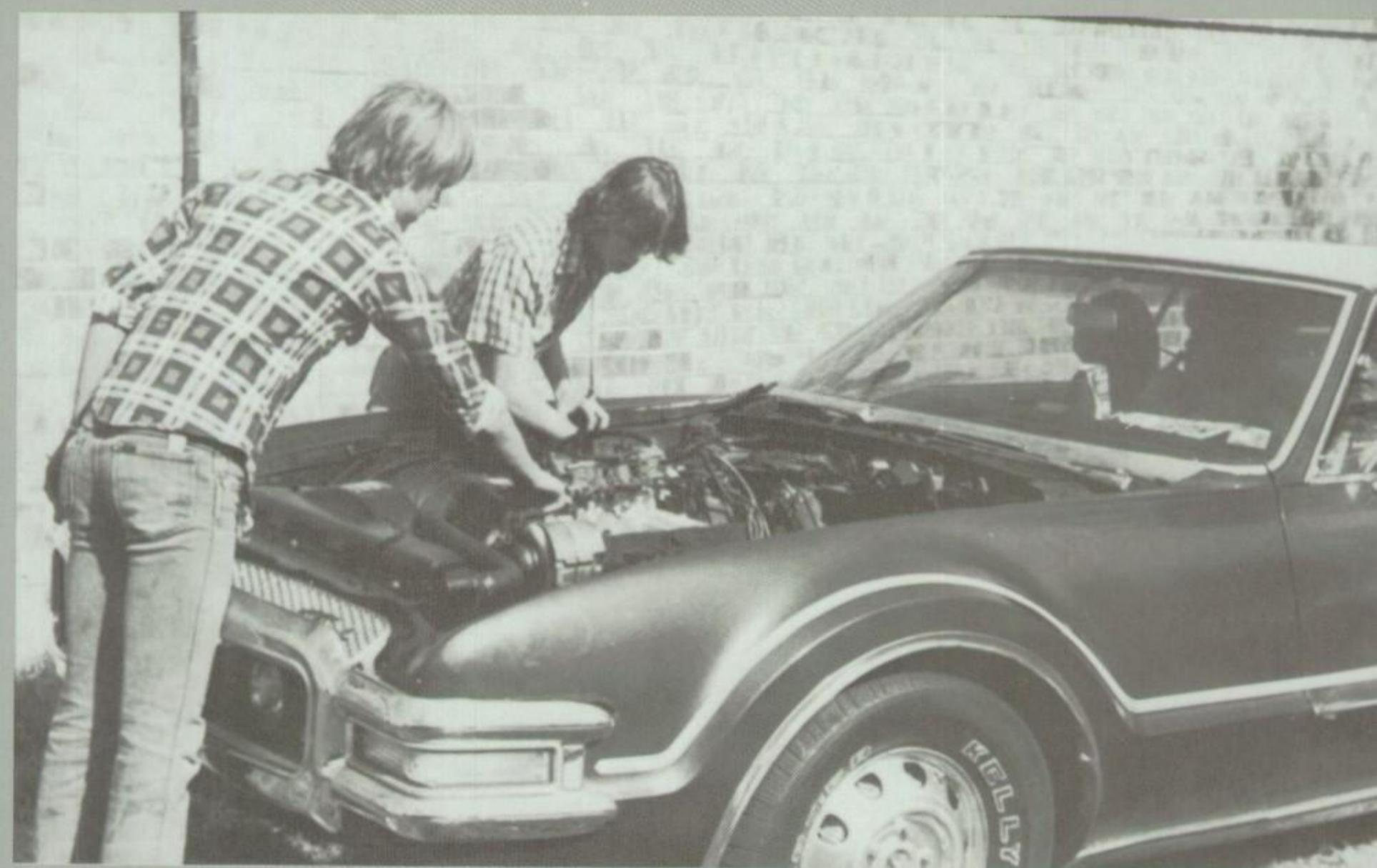
"I know I am."



Greg
Foss



"Is it time for class?"



"Sure I can fix it."



Tony Babaa



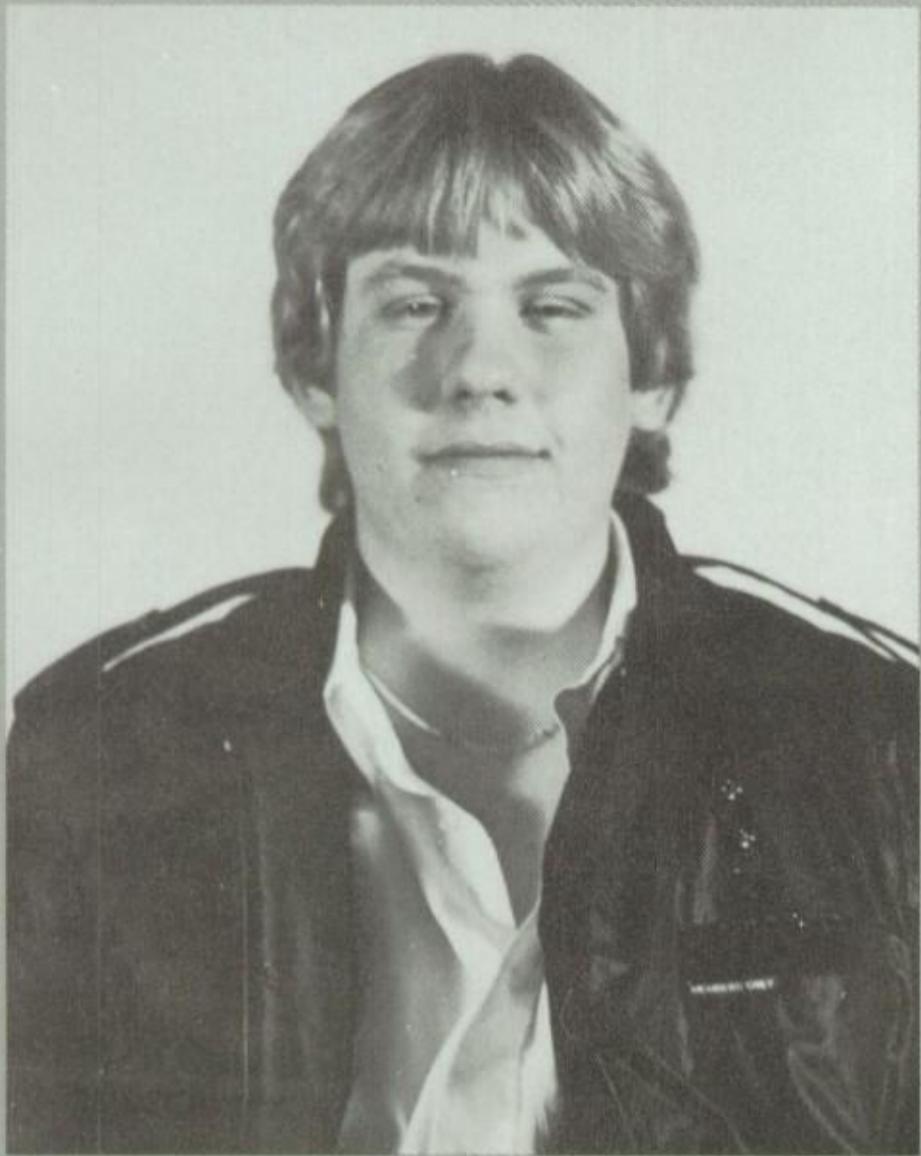
Amy Broyles



Richie Solo



Stefani Korman



Shawn Burge



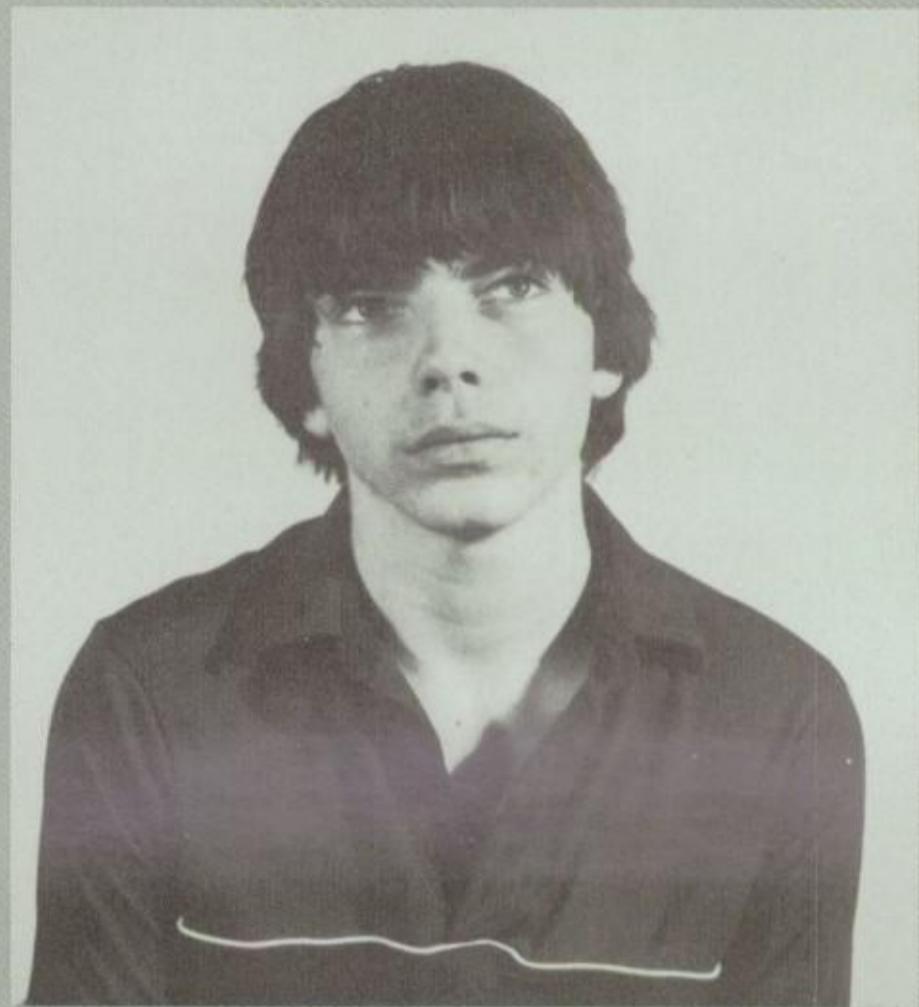
"The sky is falling!"



The Walden Olympics



Debbie Unger



Grant Linsley



Leighton Brown



Two of a kind



Nanette Primeaux



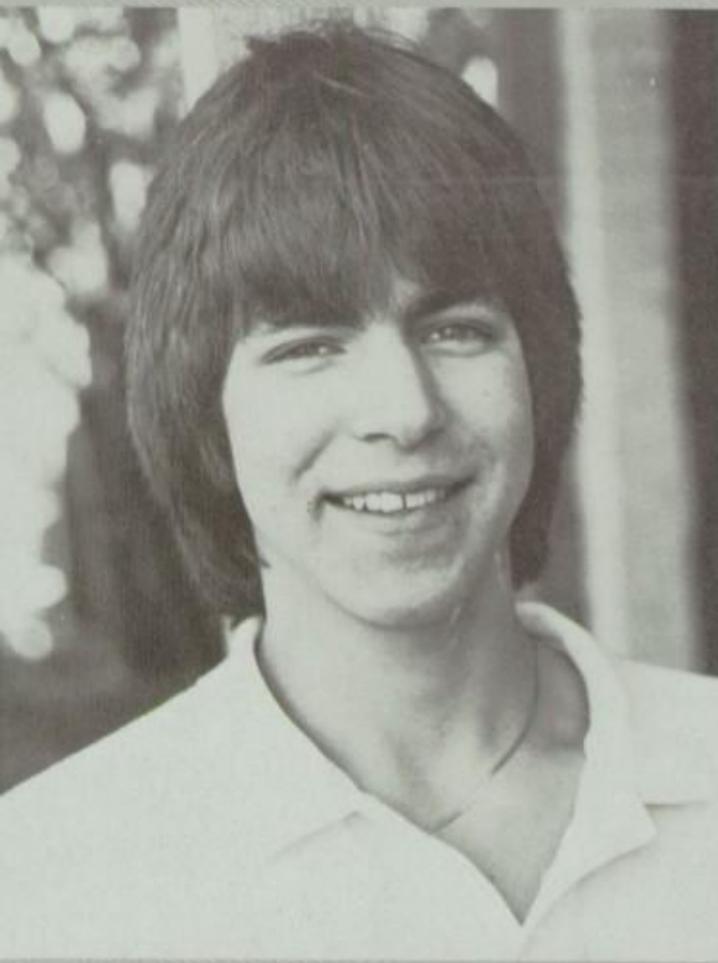
Holly Faulkner



Waldenoids



Bruce Zalk



Graham Teschke



The couple most likely to make it



Steve Travolta in action



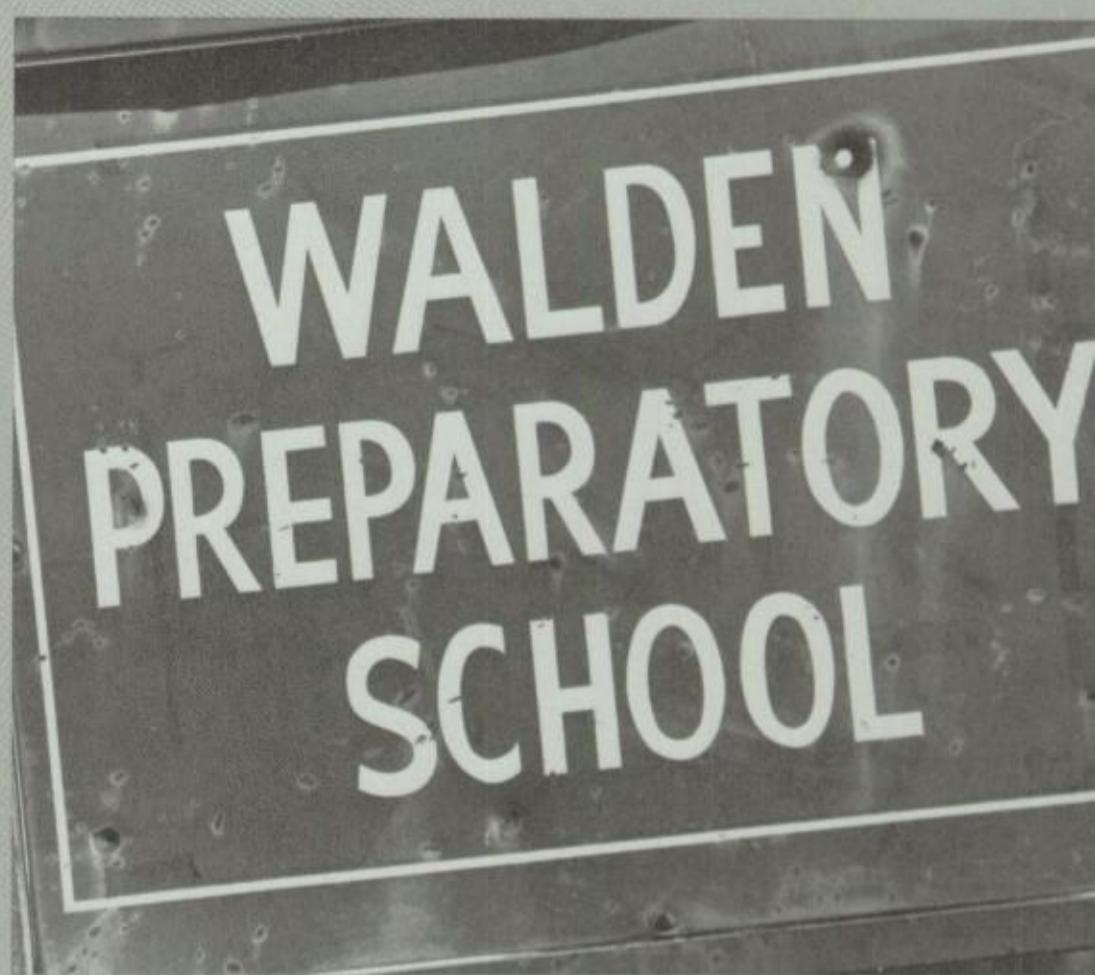
Price
Sirina



Jacobs
Bethany



Mark Ainsworth



Kim Kropp



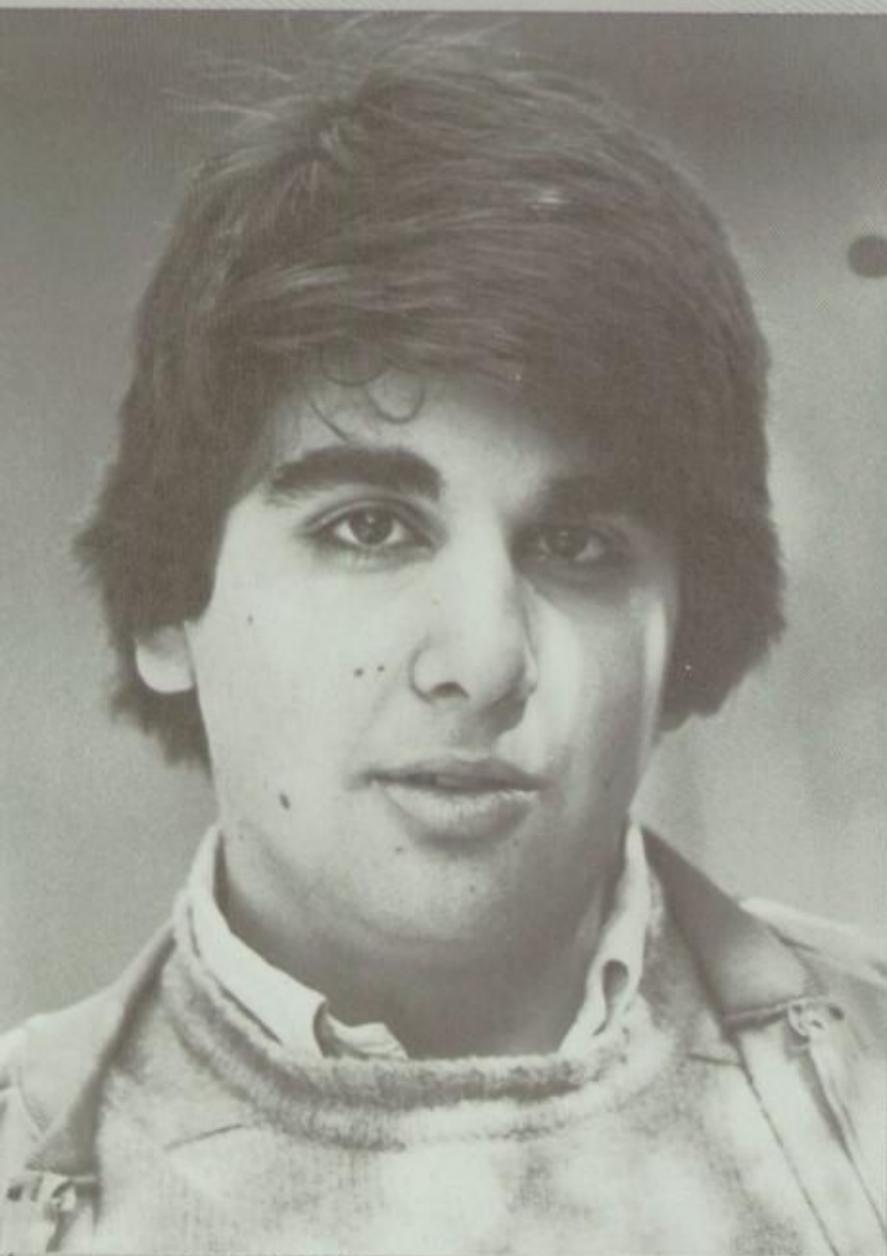
Rita Brennan



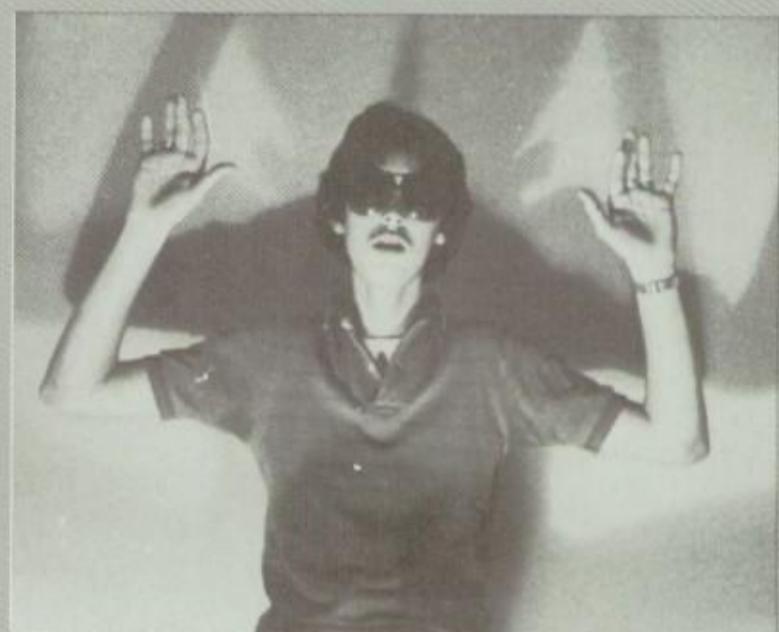
"Do you think we're busted?"



Wendy Storey



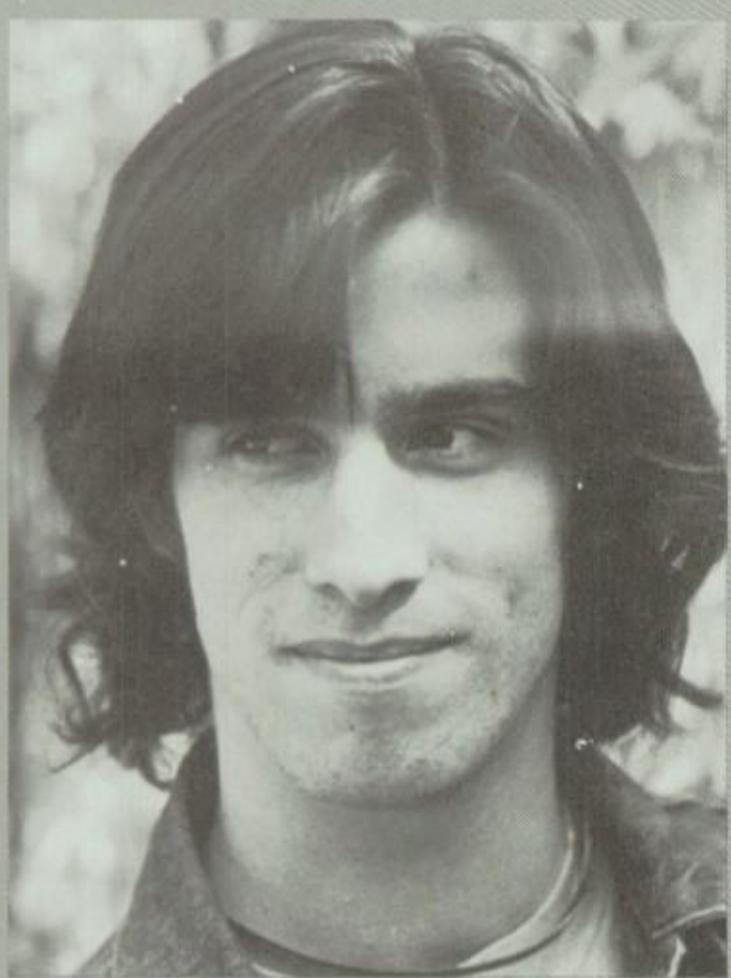
Cameron Rad



"I swear I didn't do it!"



"There's no place like Walden."
"There's no place like Walden."
"There's no place like Walden."



Steve Barnett

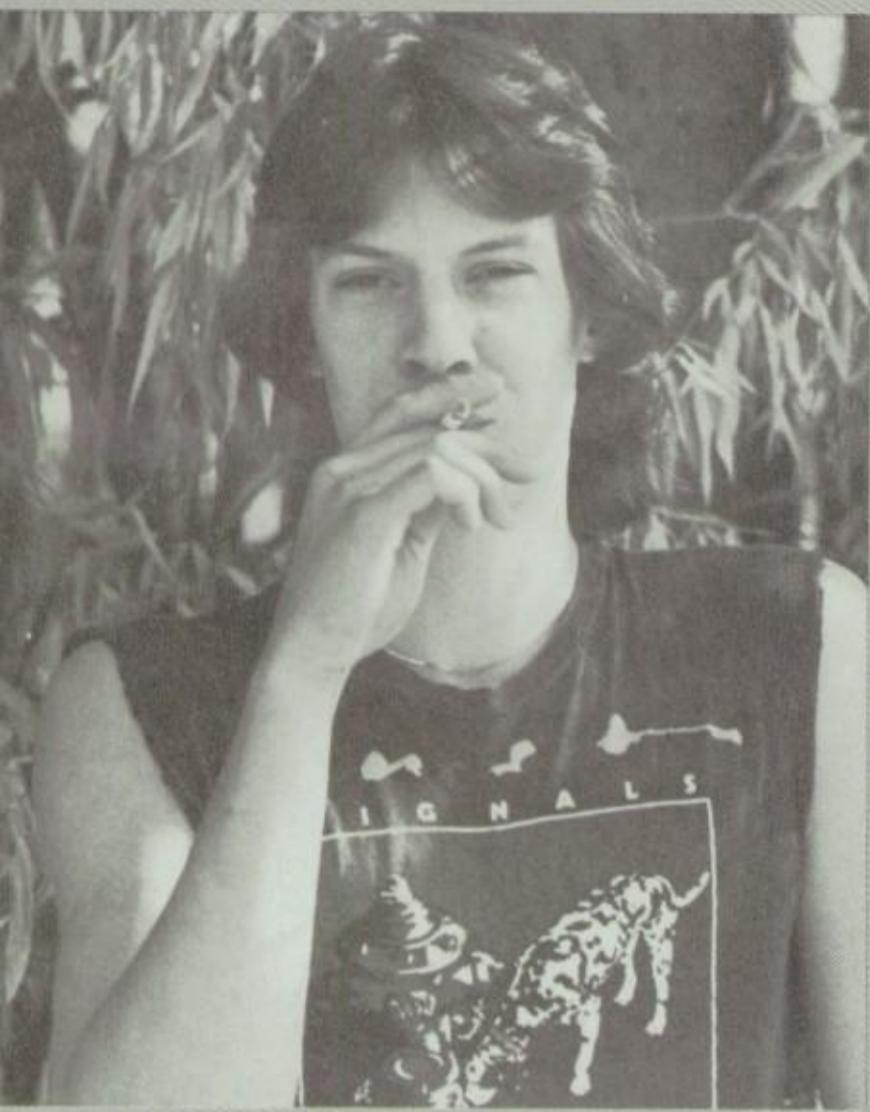


"I don't give a Hack!"



Jeff Korioth

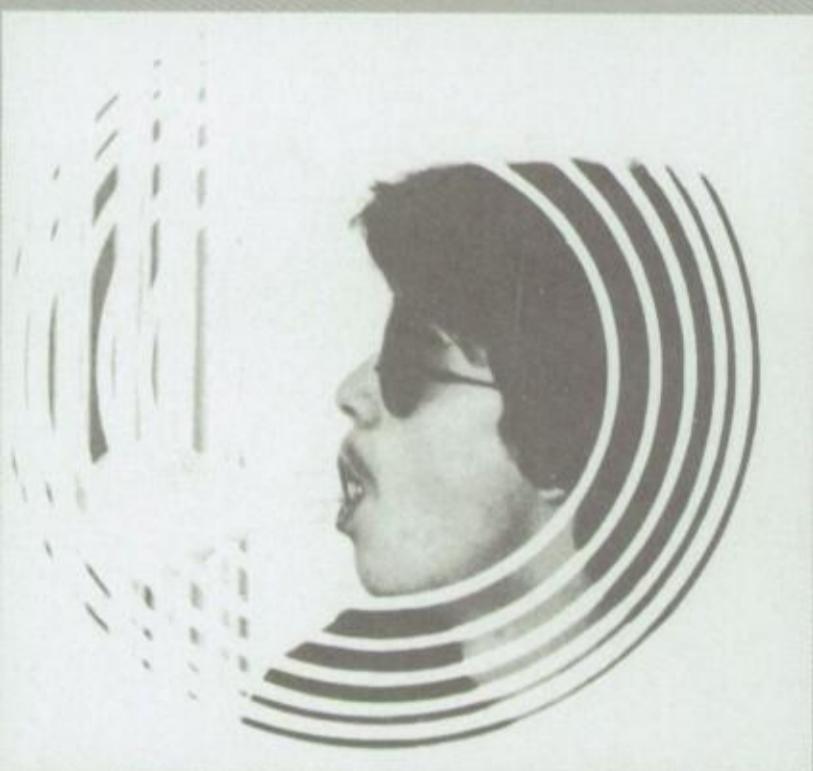




Anthony Collins



"I know gas is expensive, but this ridiculous!"



"Brad and his bright ideas."



Lori Lane



Marlboro Man



Michael Tracy



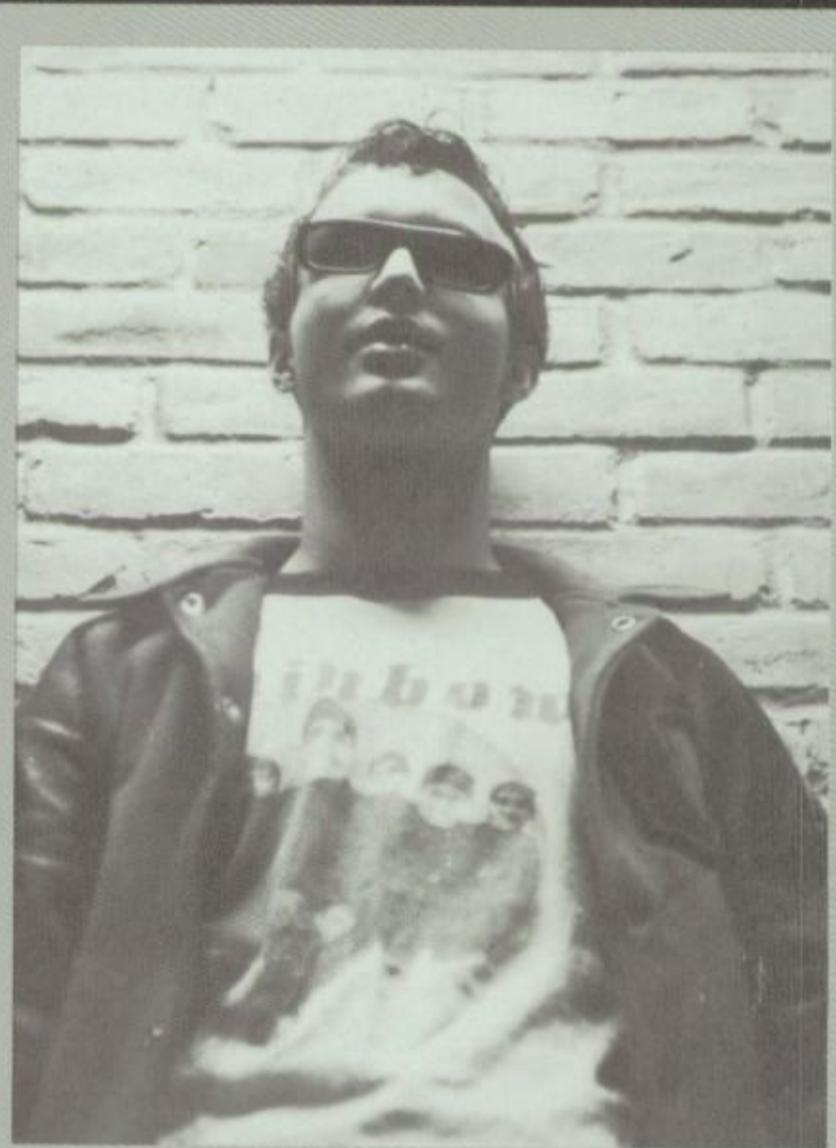
Vicky Gasprian



"Don't you dare!"



David Shinn

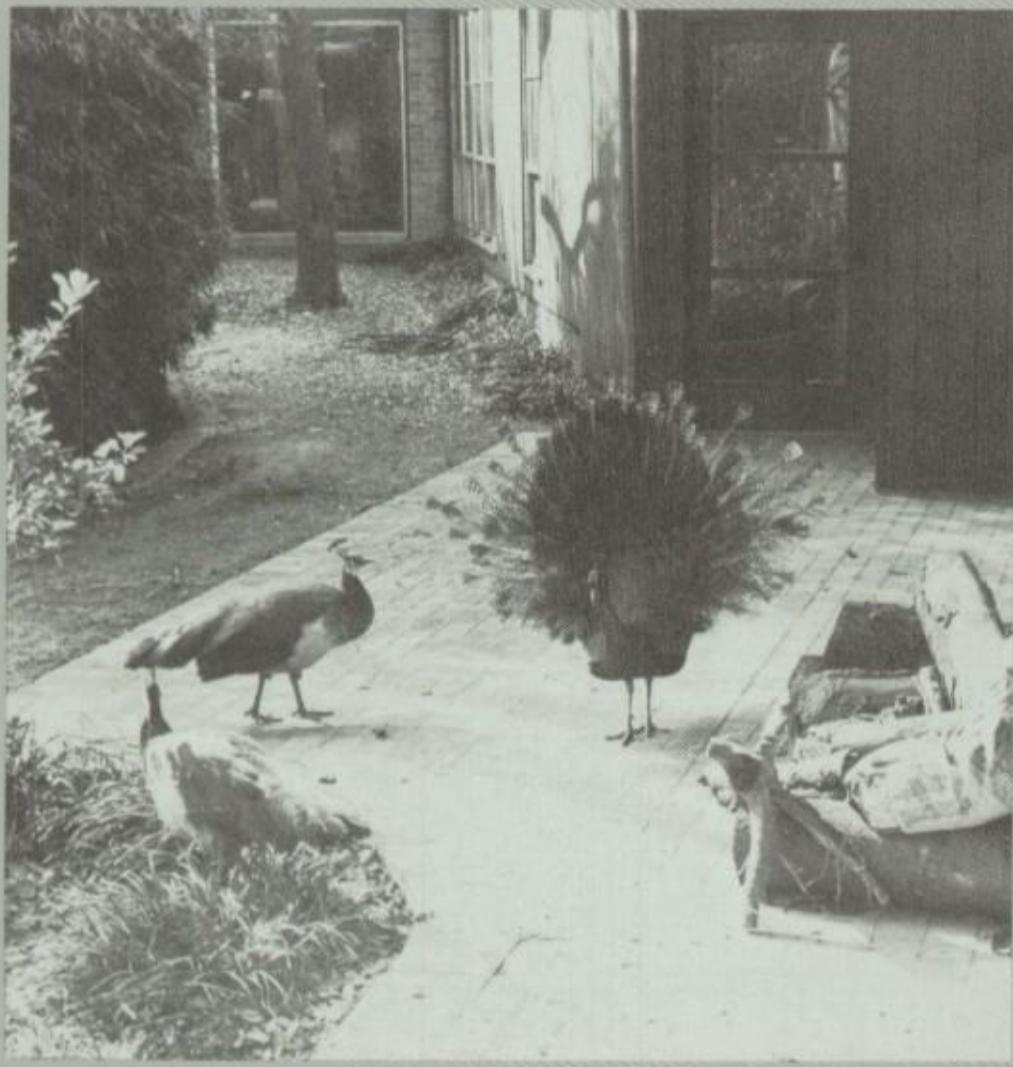


Big Brother is watching you!



Michelle Wilson

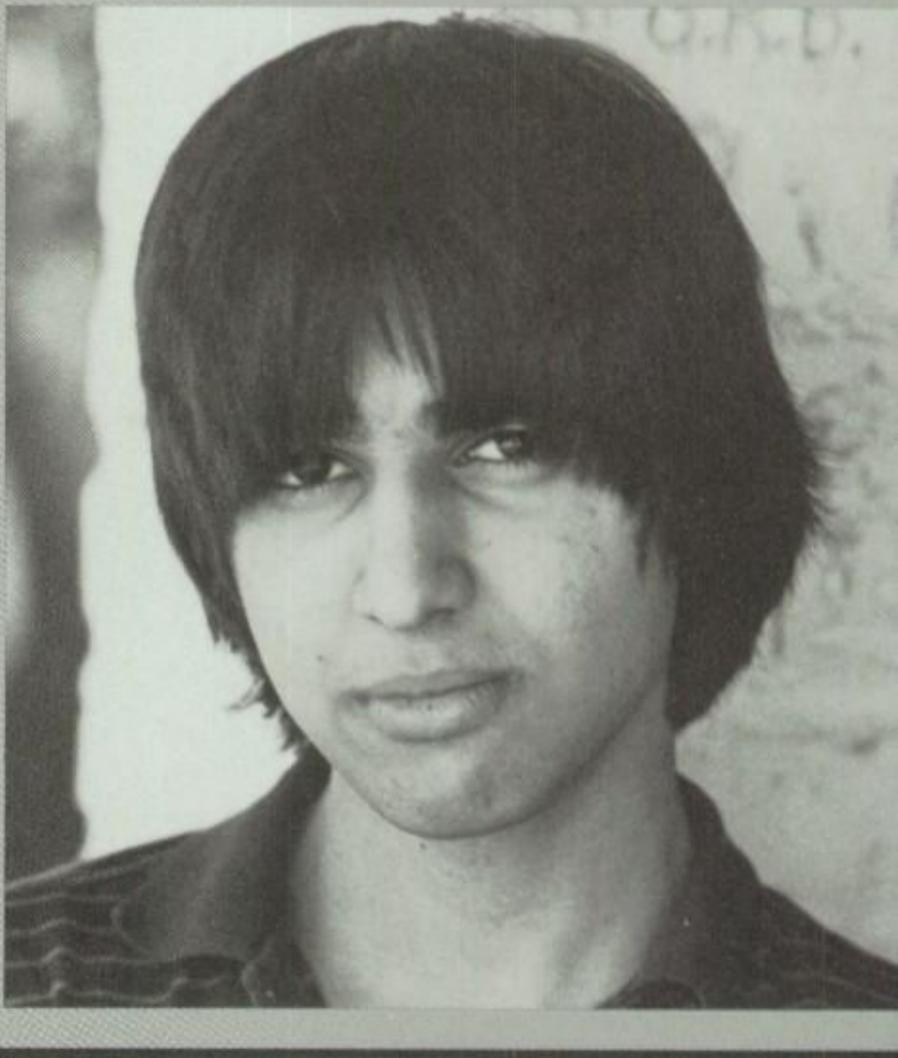




Walden is a good place ...

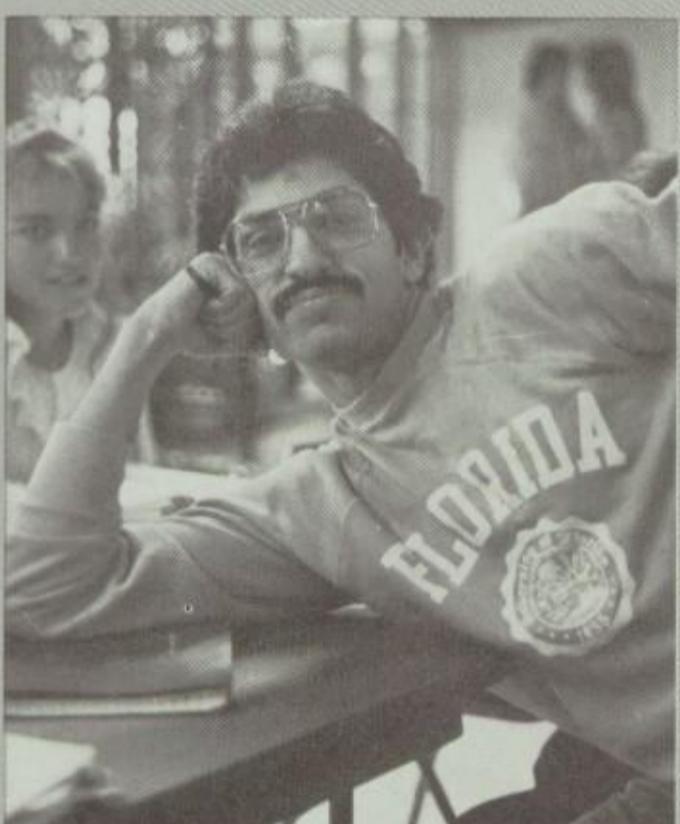


... for making friends.

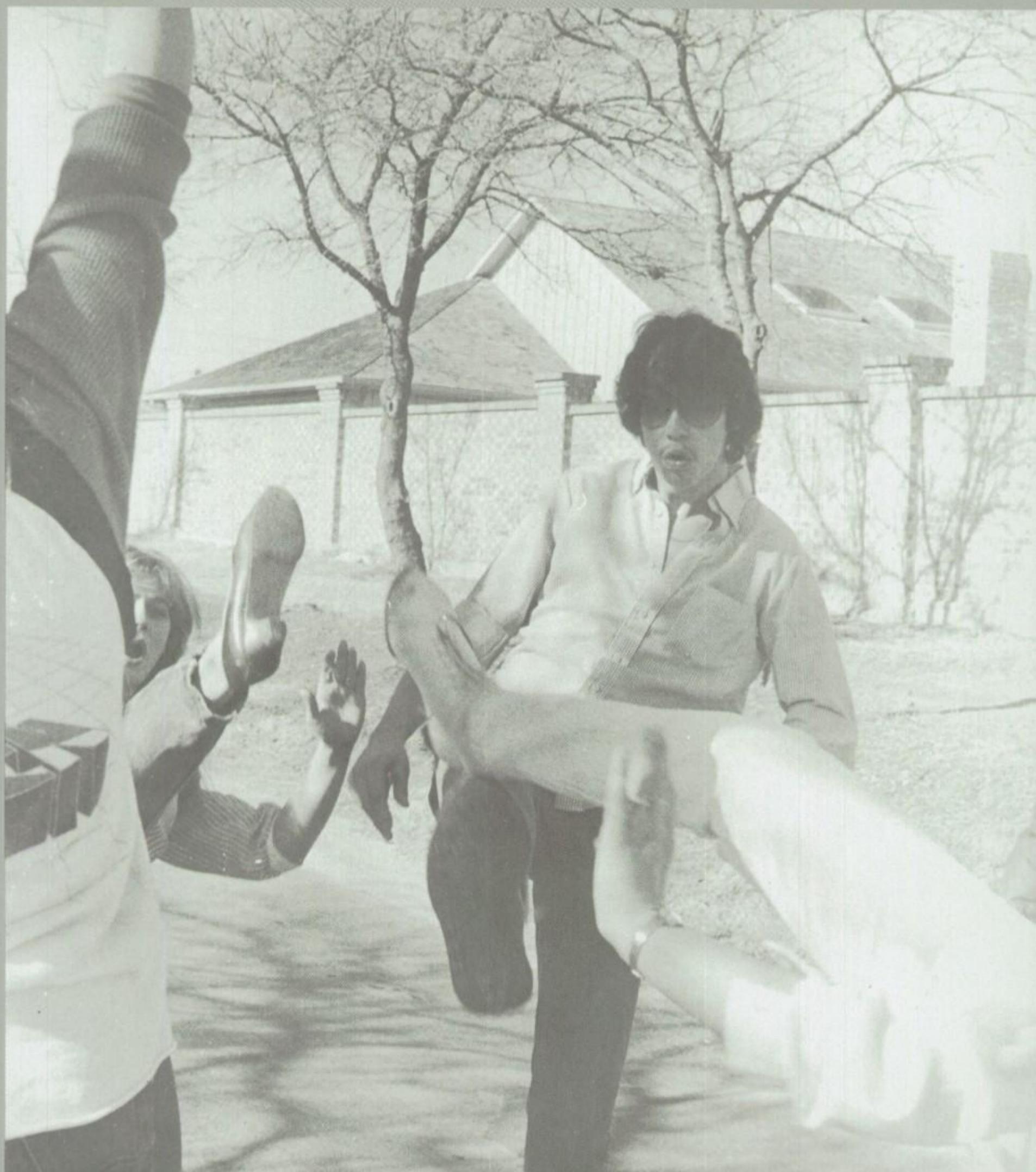


Chris Rad

faces



Organized Sports?



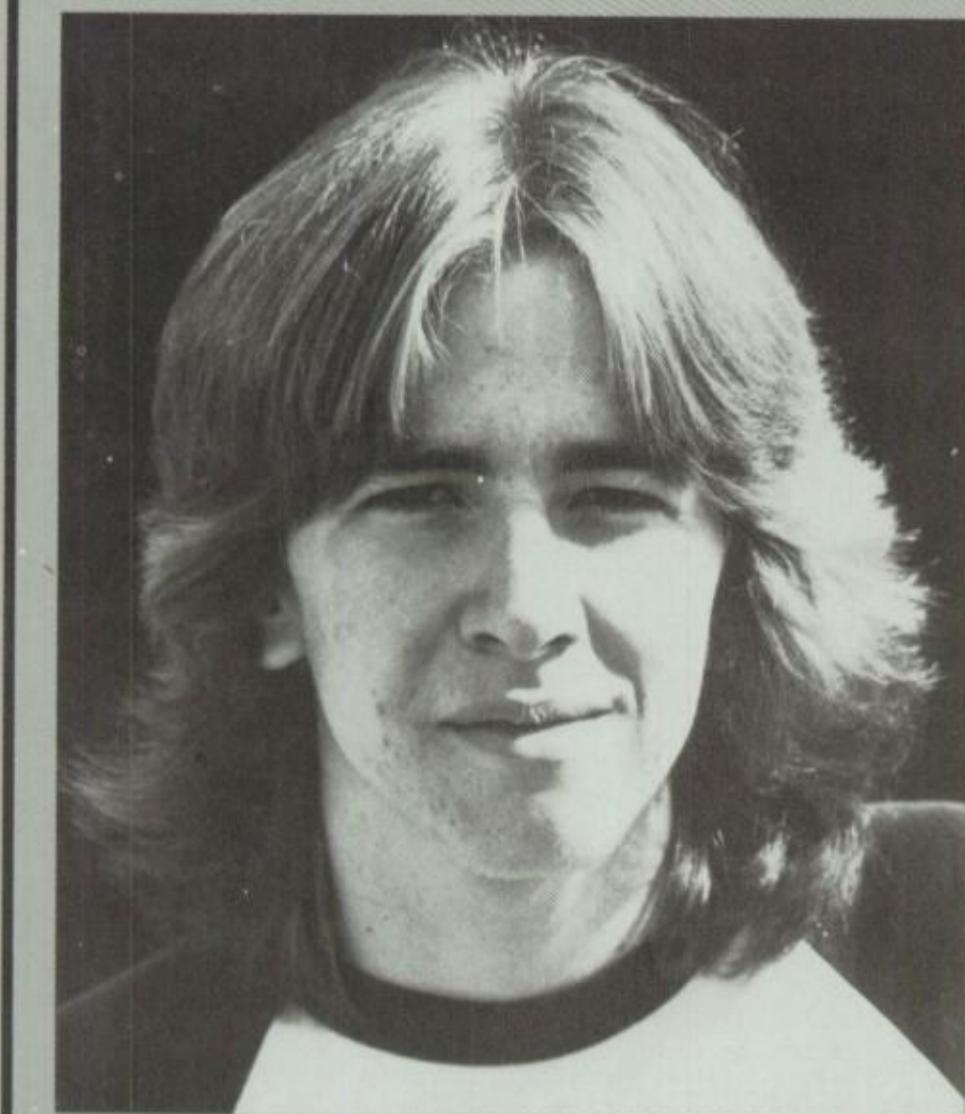
"You put your right foot in. Put your right foot out."



The Hack watch



"May there be peace and Hack on earth."



Robert Johnson

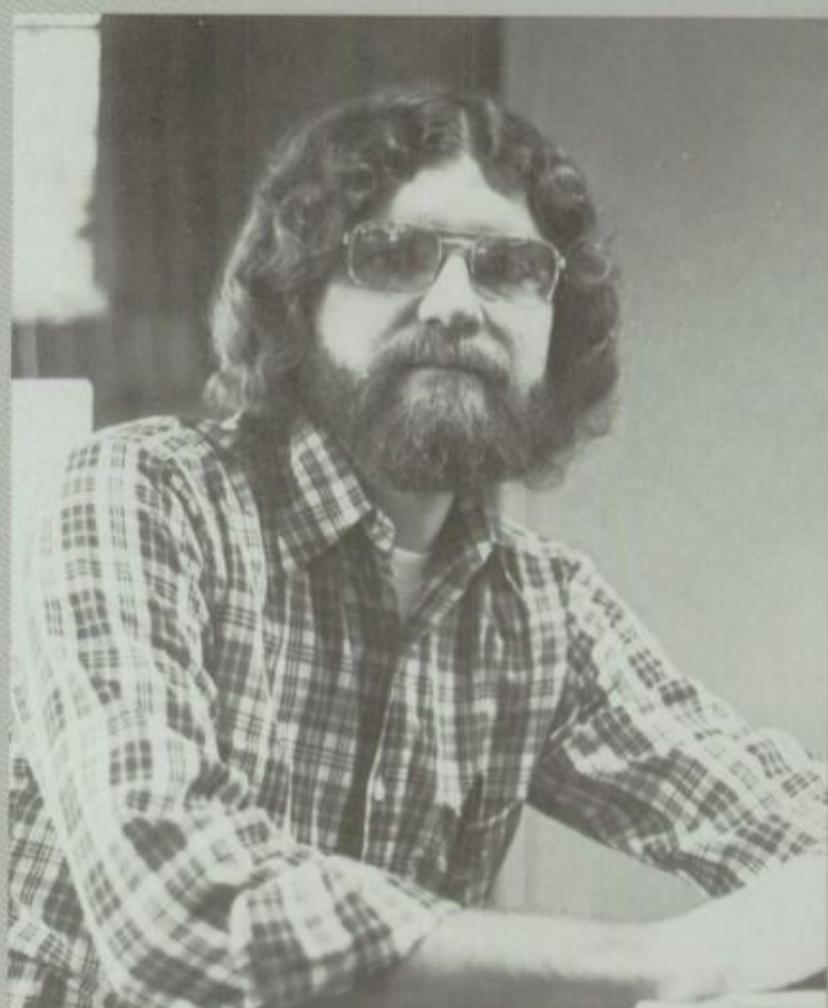


Drawing by Ulrike Gasprian

Walden Welcomes . . .



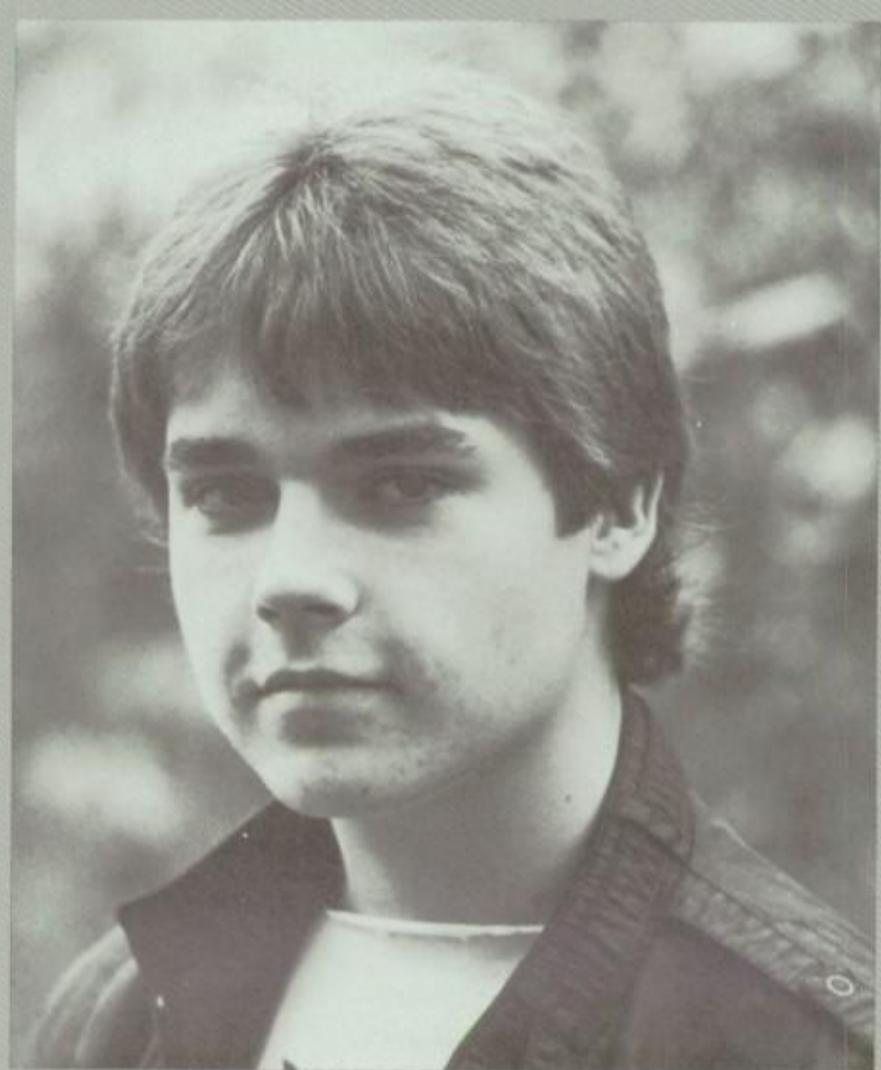
JAN HUBLINE
English



DAVID PARKS
English — Psychology
Government



Mark Russell



Mitch Nickell



Chris Arnold



Debbie Schuster



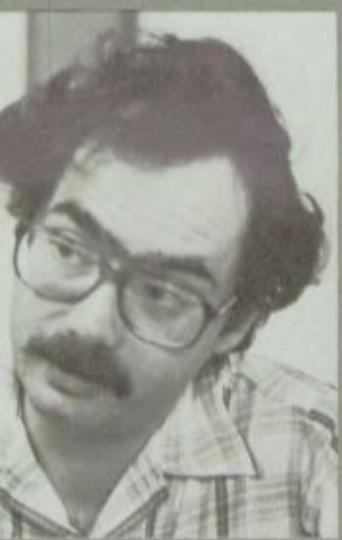
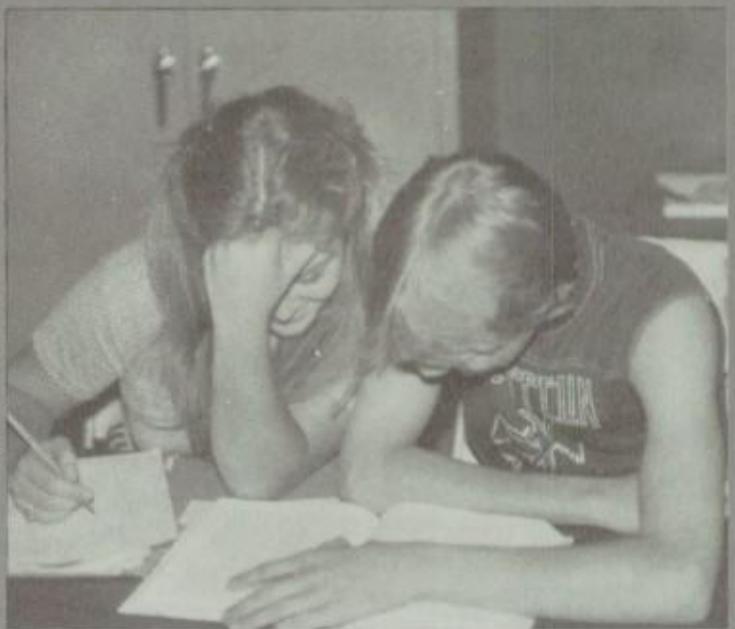
Leslie Lau



Mike Mount

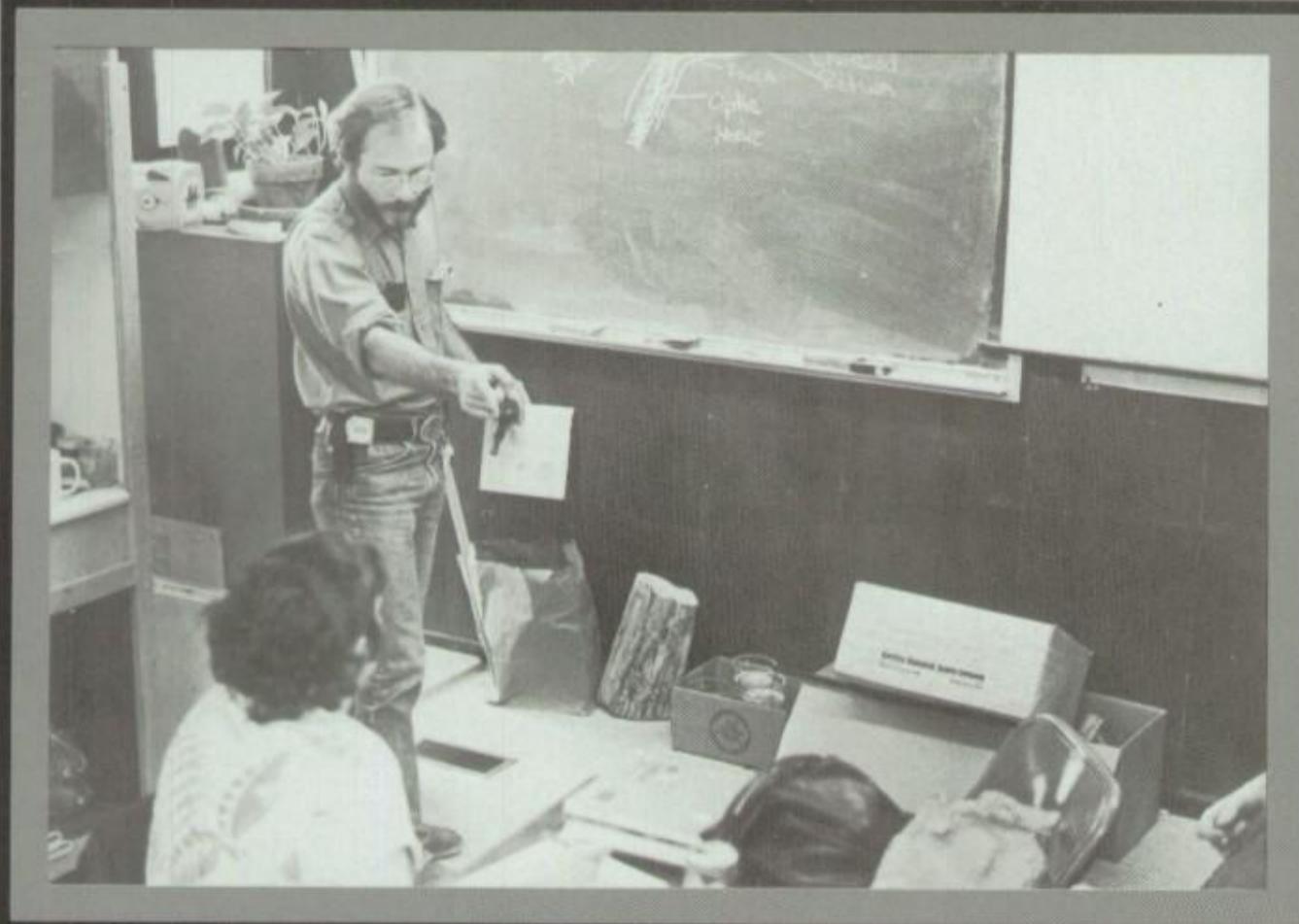


Bryan Smith



Formulas and fractions,
dates, names, people, and places —
words and more words.
Fragments stored in my mind
like unread books on a closet shelf.
Someday —
you never know
they might come in handy
One day I will open the door,
pulling forcefully or quite by accident,
and they will tumble
to the floor
like puzzle pieces dumped from a box.
I will find they fit together
perfectly —
A picture of my knowledge.





*A seed
is planted —
with nourishment
it grows
into a stem
and begins to
bud.*

"Get those frogs out of your purse!"



LARRY STONE
Biology and Chemistry

"Give up, Larry, it's already dead."

*A mind
is taught —
It is fertilized
with knowledge
and patience*



"Coffee really speeds me up."



PAMELA FRANCIS
World History — English
Geography



No Comment

"Logic only gives man what he needs, magic gives him what he wants." — Robbins



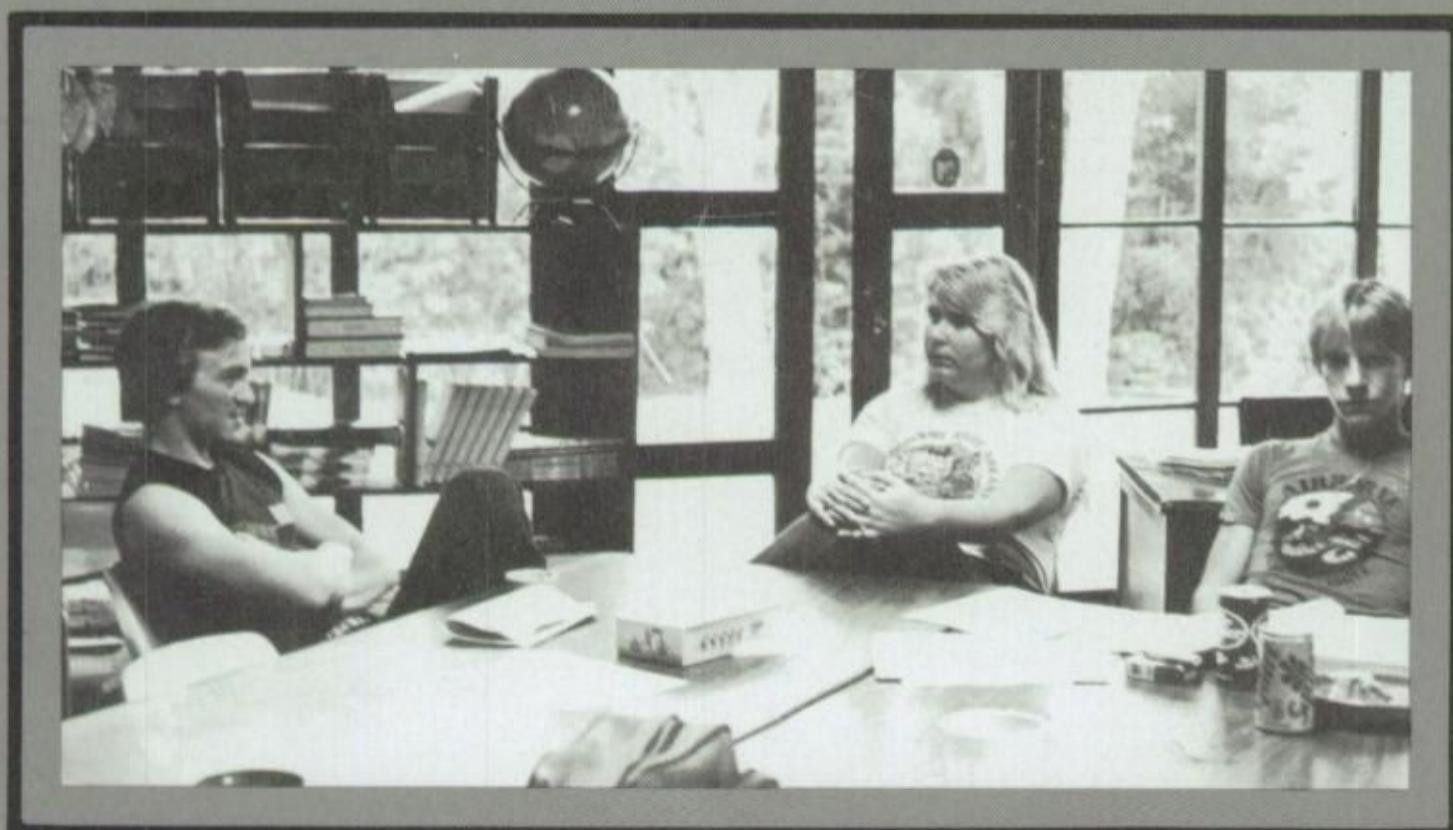
TAMMY RUSHING
American History — Government — Psychology



Dream Therapy



"At least two students showed up!"

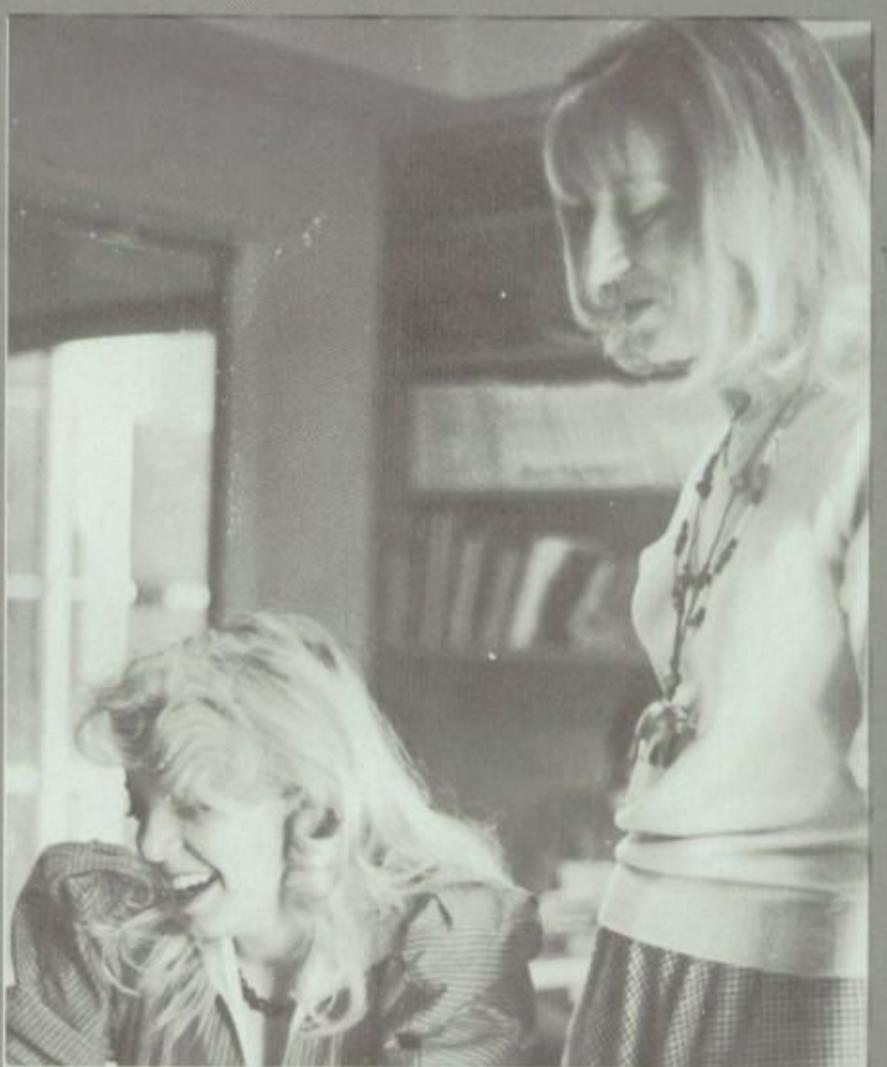


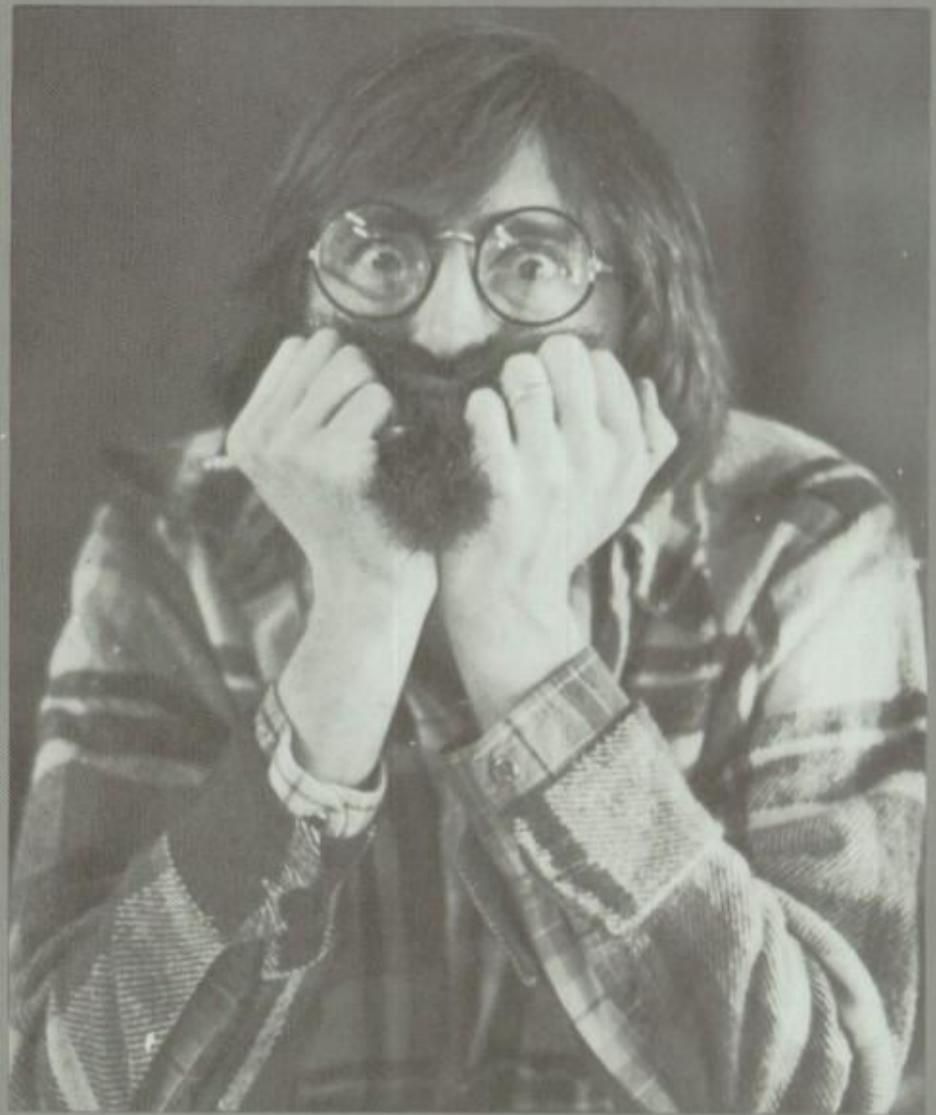
"I don't care what you do
as long as you don't do it
in the street and frighten
the horses."

*learning
by
doing —*



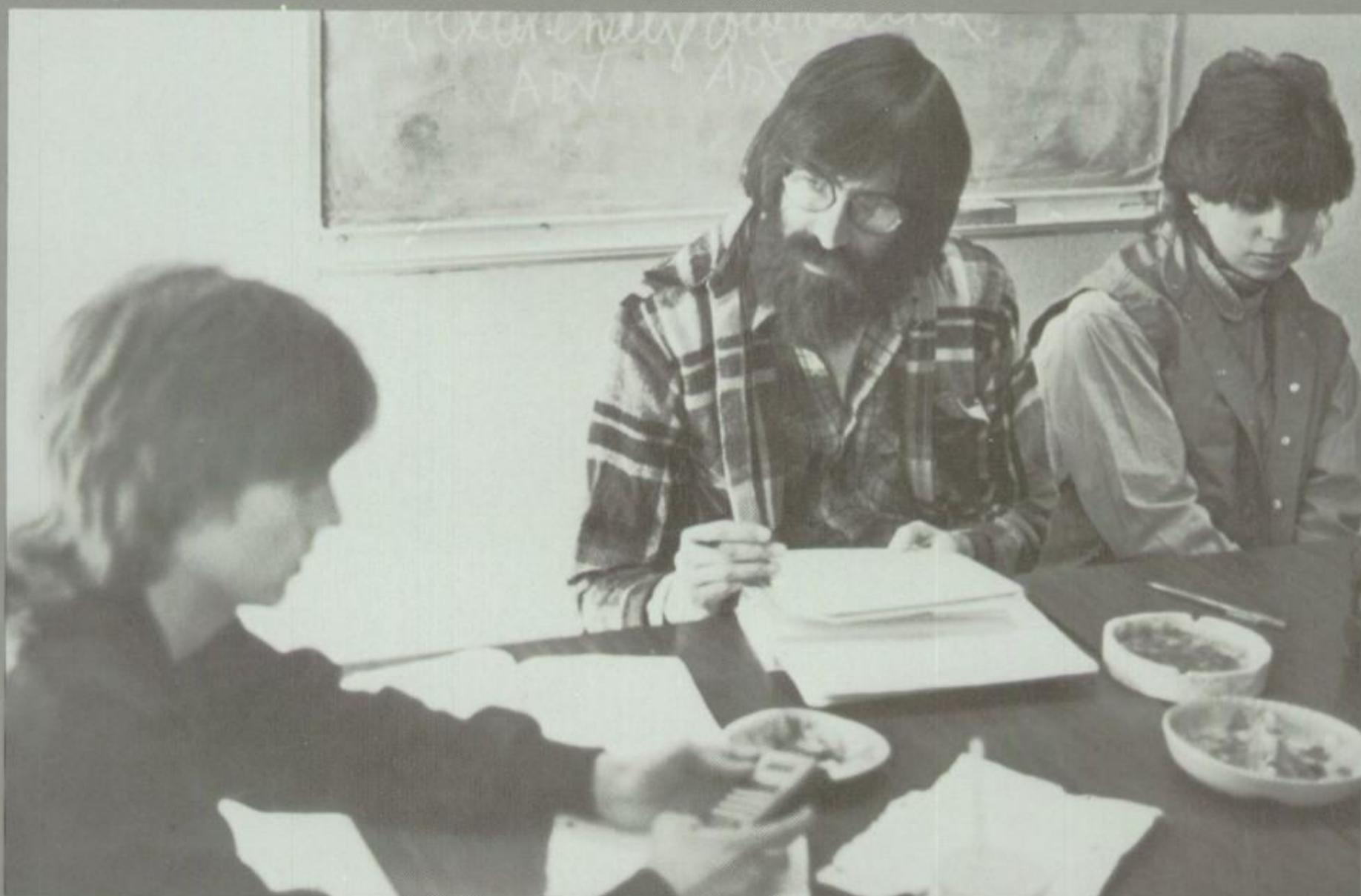
LINDA SHASBERGER
English — Creative Writing





STEPHEN HOUP
Math — Physics

"Nancy tries her hand at student teaching."

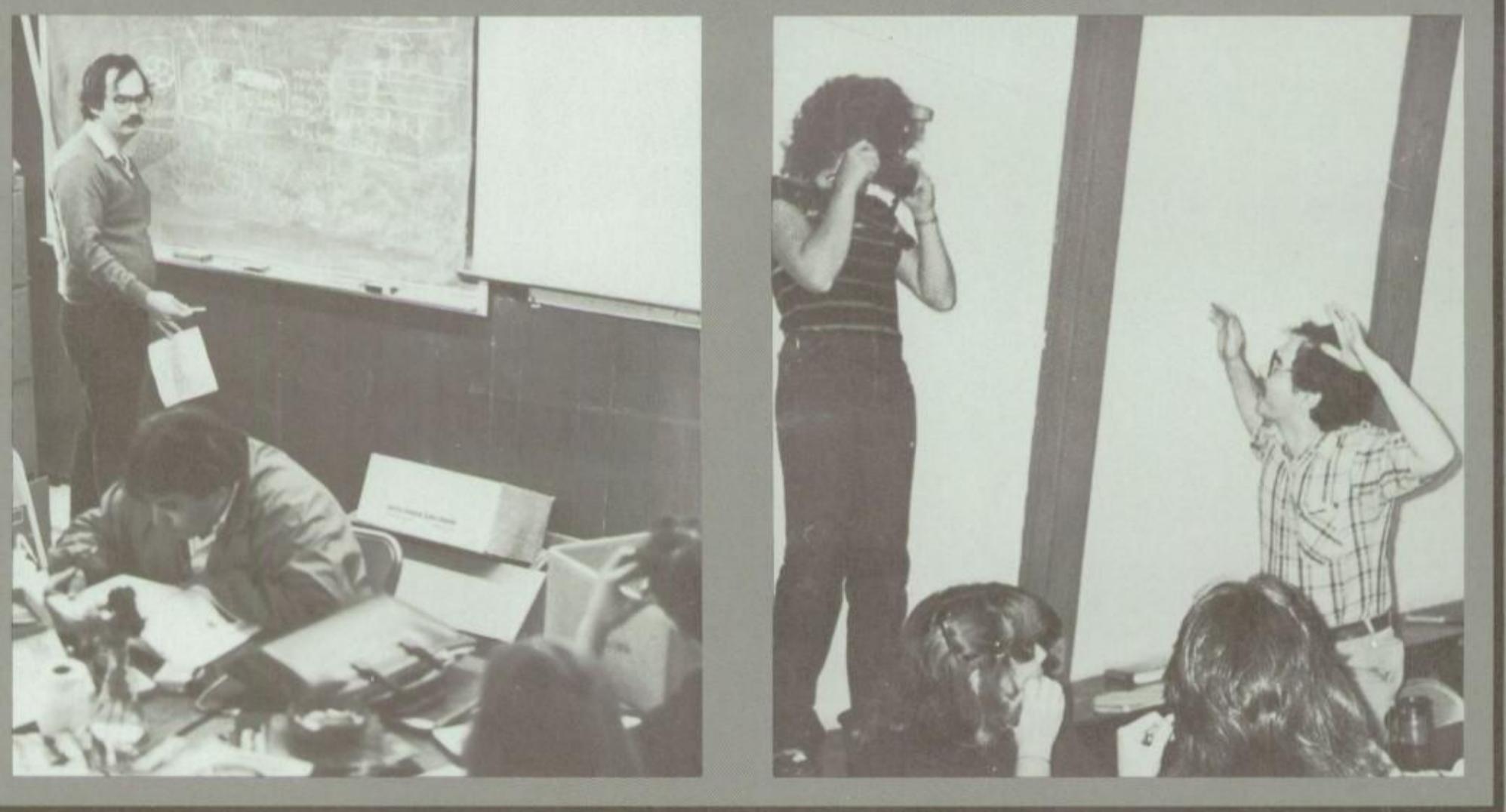


"Have you tried turning it on?"



*failing
and
succeeding —
becoming aware —*

BRUCE BRADSHAW
Math — Geology



When I was a little boy I would walk in the woods for hours with my dog (Lilla) and my cat (Miss Blue). We could see the clouds, the creek, the rocks, the flowers. I asked myself why; why the clouds flew, why the creek ran, why the rocks were covered in lichen, why the flowers bloomed, and then died. I had my friends, I had my questions.

Lilla and Miss Blue are long dead. I no longer walk in the same woods, and there is another dog and another cat. We see the trees, the clouds, the water, the rocks, the flowers. I still ask why; why those things are as they are. I have my friends, I have my questions.



Artist in Residence — Ulrike Gasprian

Art, like morality, consist of
drawing the line somewhere.



"but I can't think of anything to draw."



*Grasping at ideas —
reaching out
for more
nourishment —*



MICHAEL FLANAGAN
Drafting — Computers
Business Manager

Keeping an ever-watchful eye on Walden's finances.





JOE HUGHES
Photography



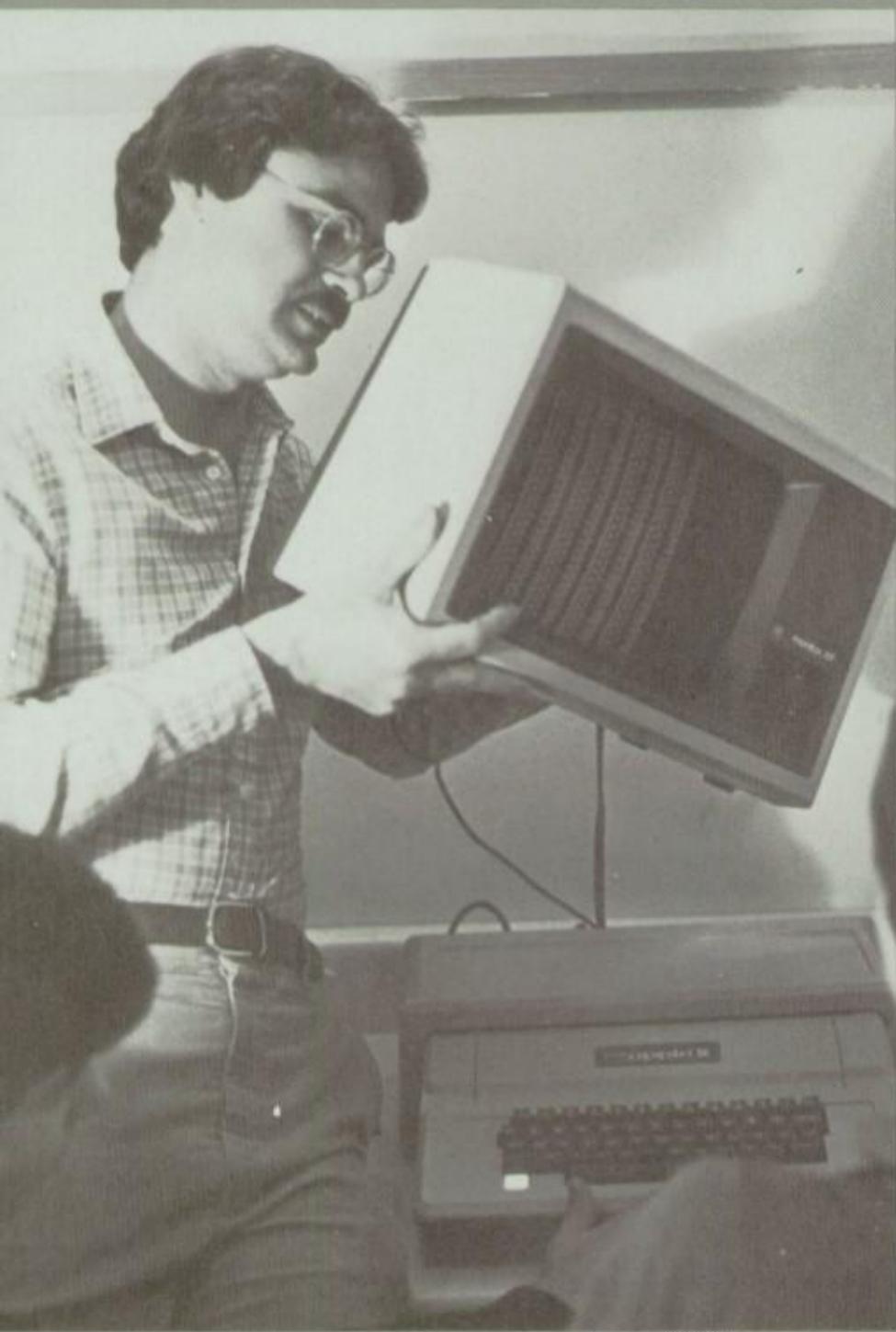
"Just keep smiling while I focus."



"We've got to stop meeting like this."



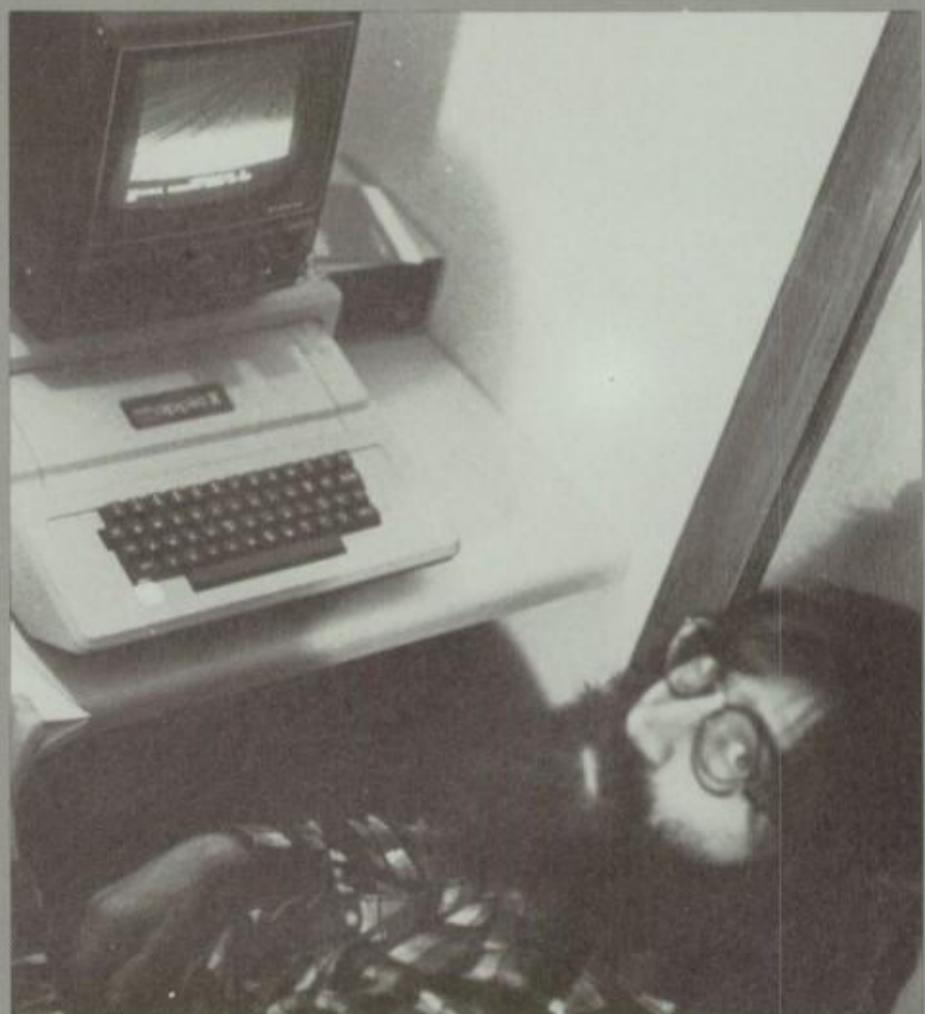
SANDI McKEAN GOODIN
Career Guidance — Work Program



“Maybe the instructions are on the back.”

*Changing — Rearranging —
It can't go back,
ever,
to being
just a seed.*

Poem by Lisa Minkoff



“See, I'm adjusting to the computer age.”



TRISH BOOTEN
Walden's secretary
and typist
and yearbook assistant
and student answering service
and teacher aid
... and friend.

and she can type too.



"It's been one of those days."

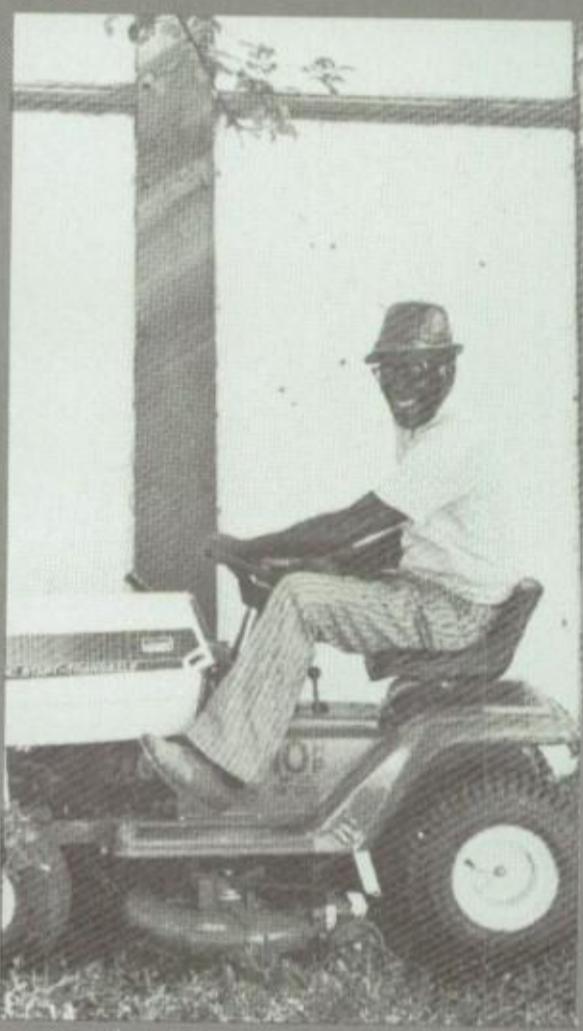


"You want how many copies of this by next period?"





EARSLEY MATLOCK
A part of Walden
from the beginning —
His painting, patching and
repairing have maintained
our building.
His caring, his faith, and his
prayers have maintained
our spirit.



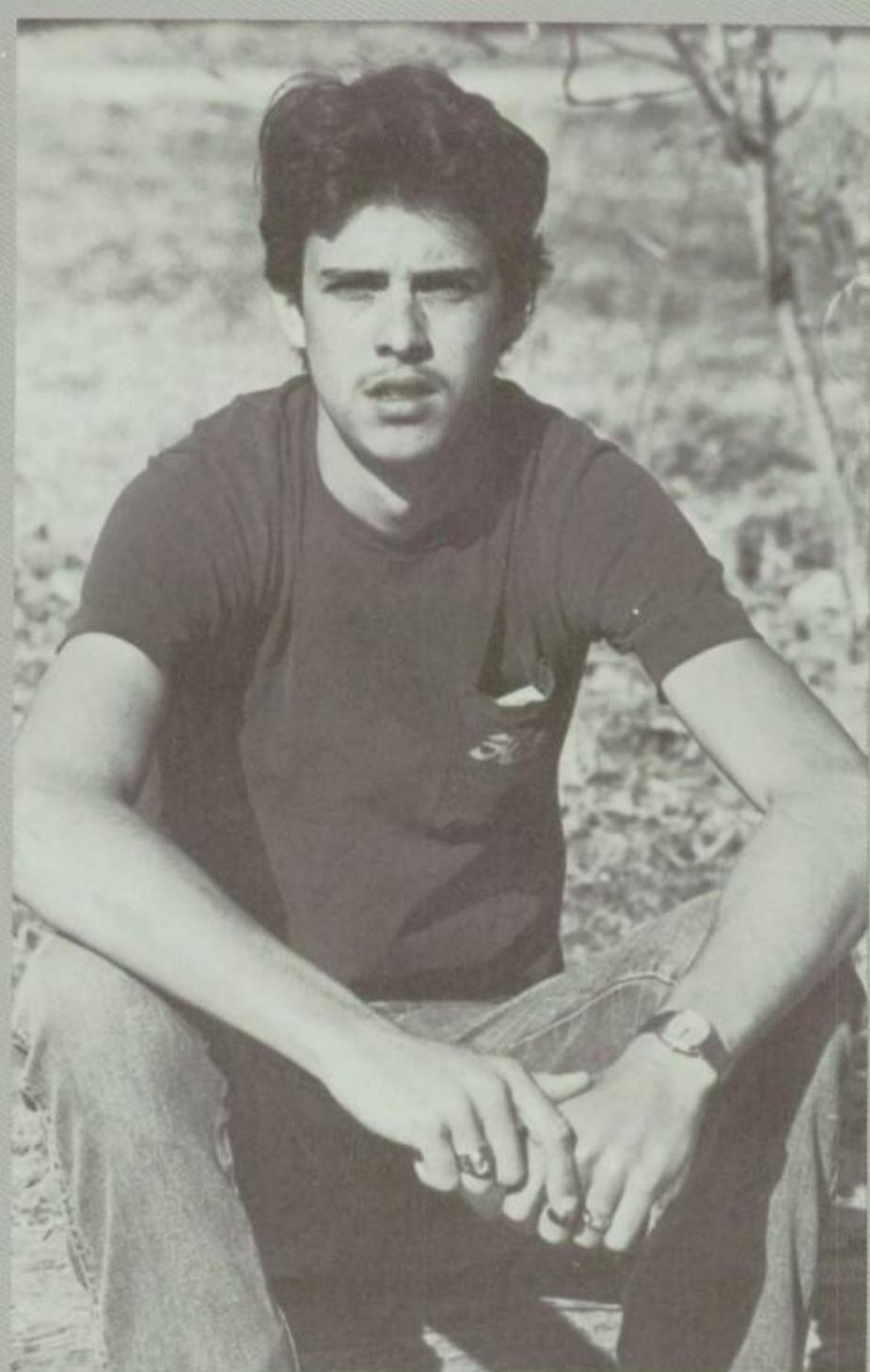
Seniors

1983-84





Tracy Williams



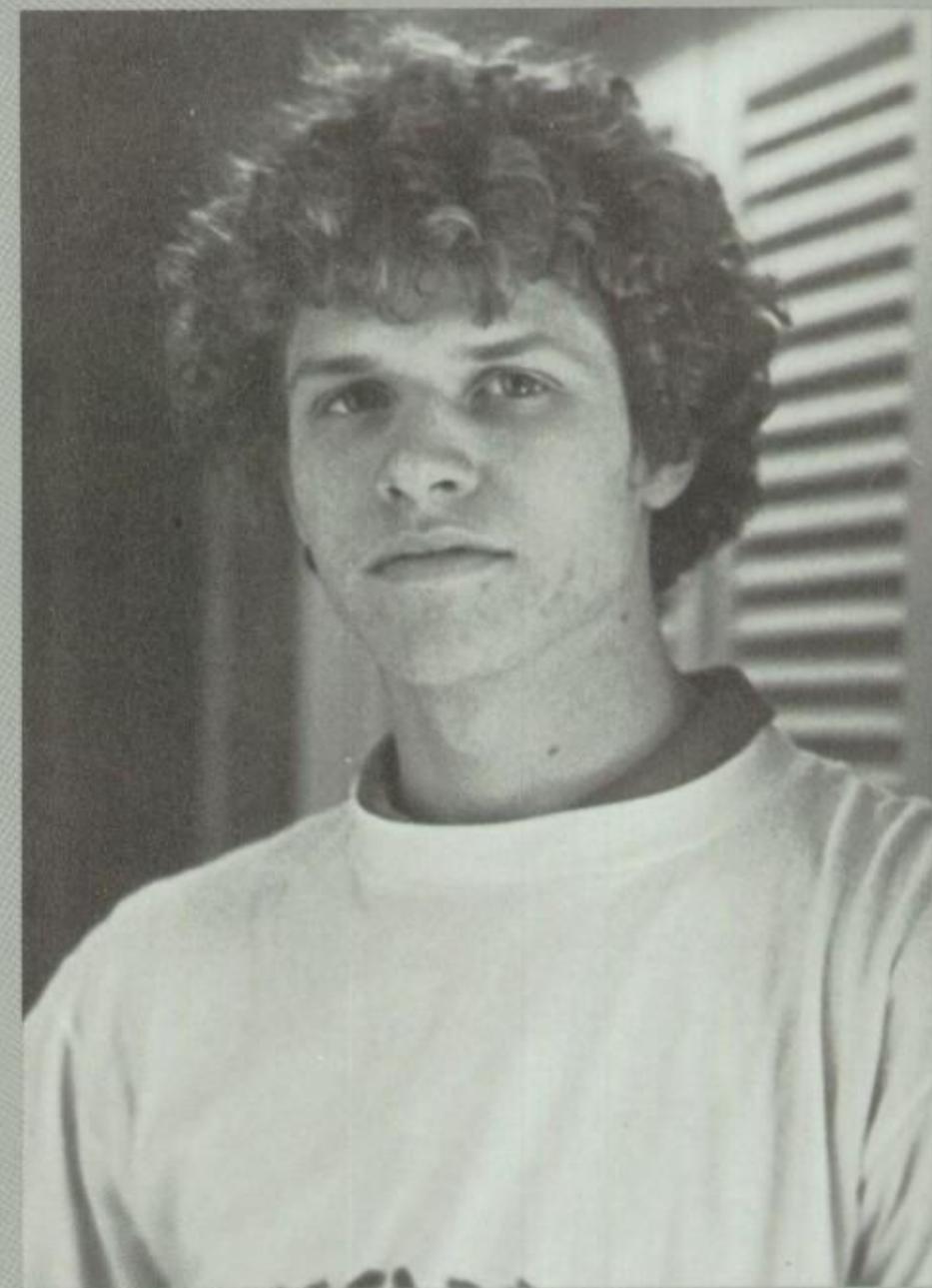
Brad Scott

Smooth operator, tall, dark, always behind the wheel of a neat car.

To love what you do and feel that it matters — how could anything be more fun?

— Katherine Graham

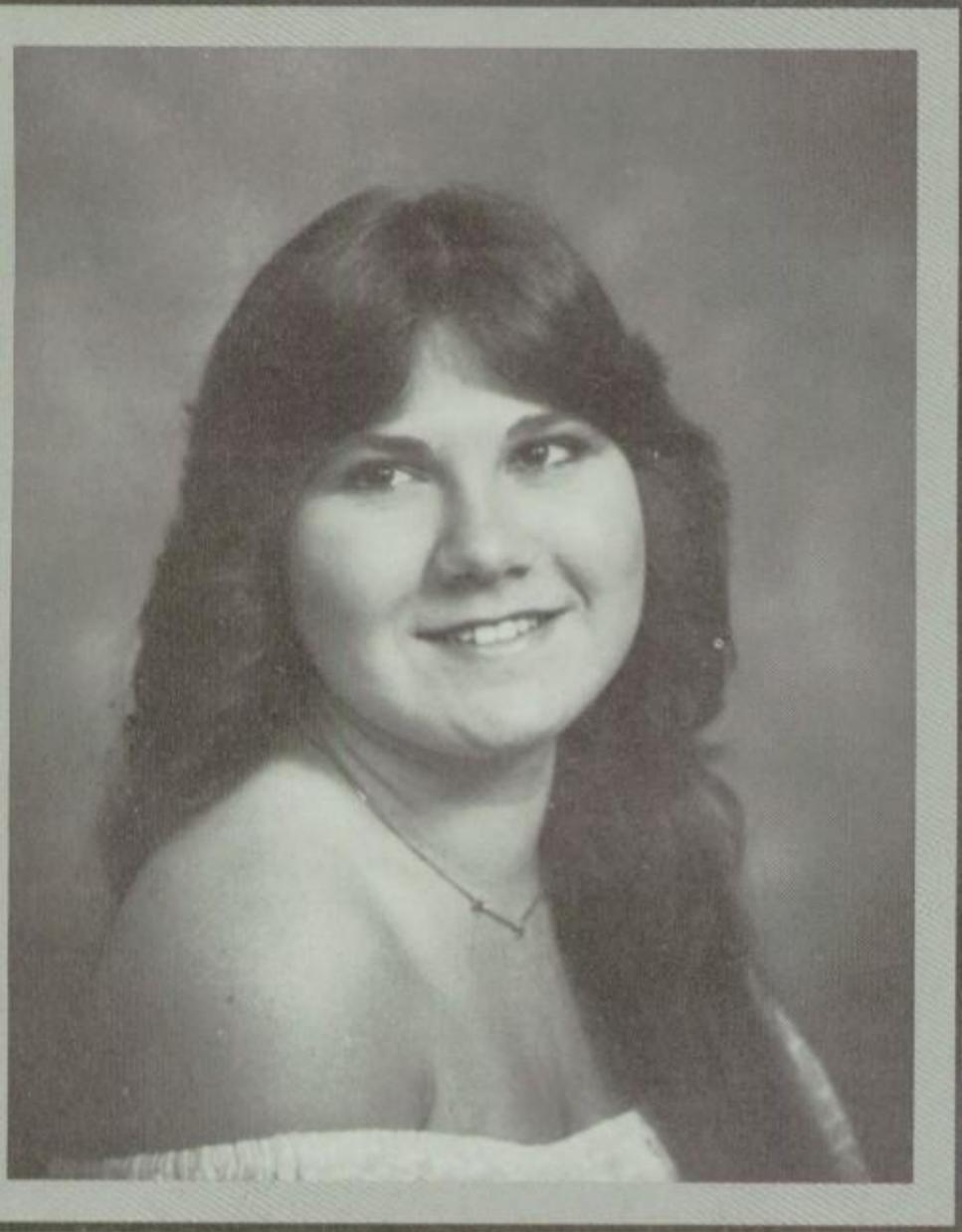
To be able to be caught up into the world of thought — that is to be educated.



Mike Glover

Stop at nothin.
Look at fate in
the face.
Don't take no for
an answer.
Grab the lead in
the race.

Amy Jones



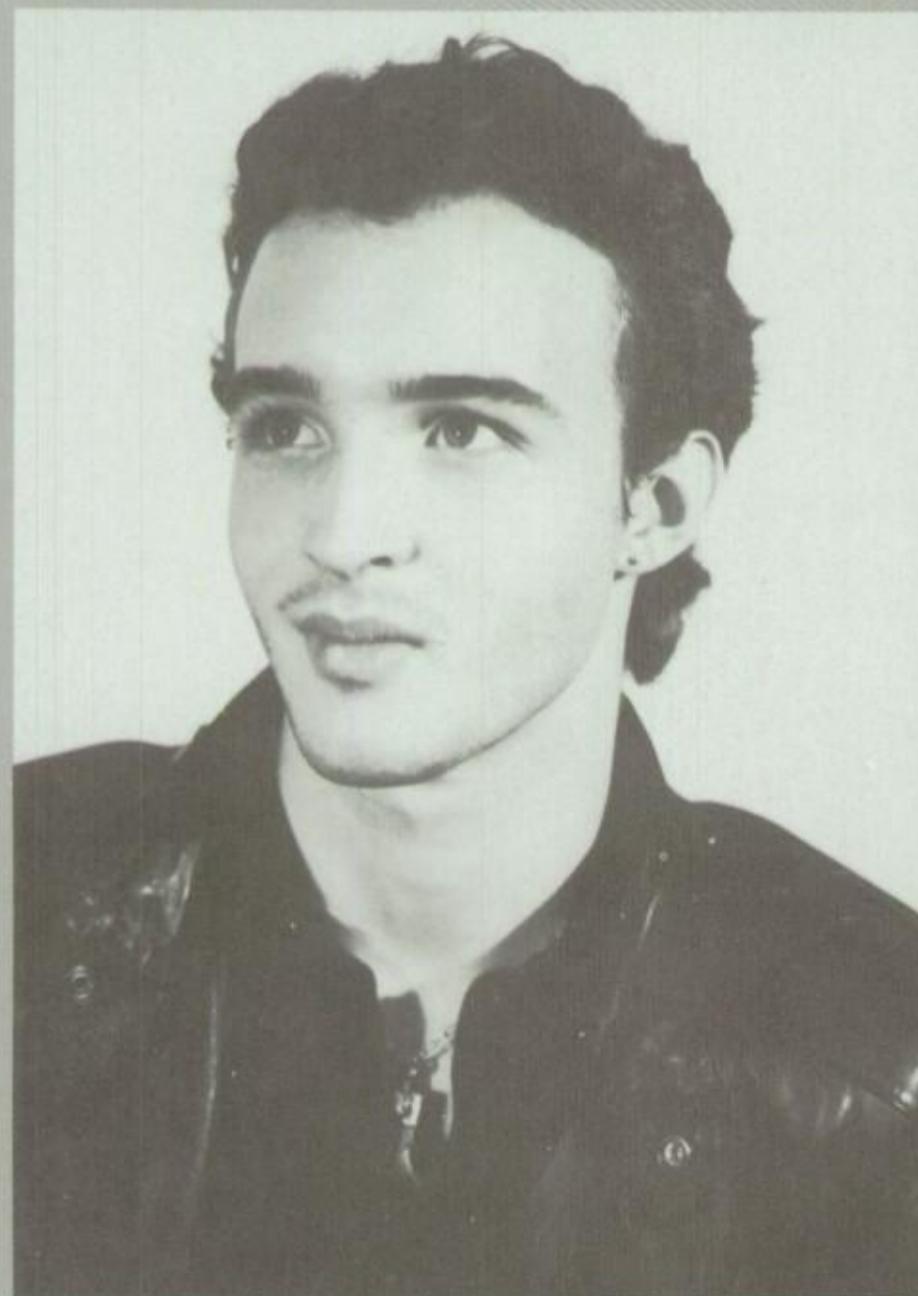
Nancy Woods

What is freedom?
It is something
we hunger for.
We seek the physical
and spiritual
freedom.
We worship the rose
for its beauty and strength —
The eagle
for its soaring flight.
To me freedom is the light.



Jennifer Derby

If God did not exist, it would
be necessary to invent Him.



Bart Kennemar



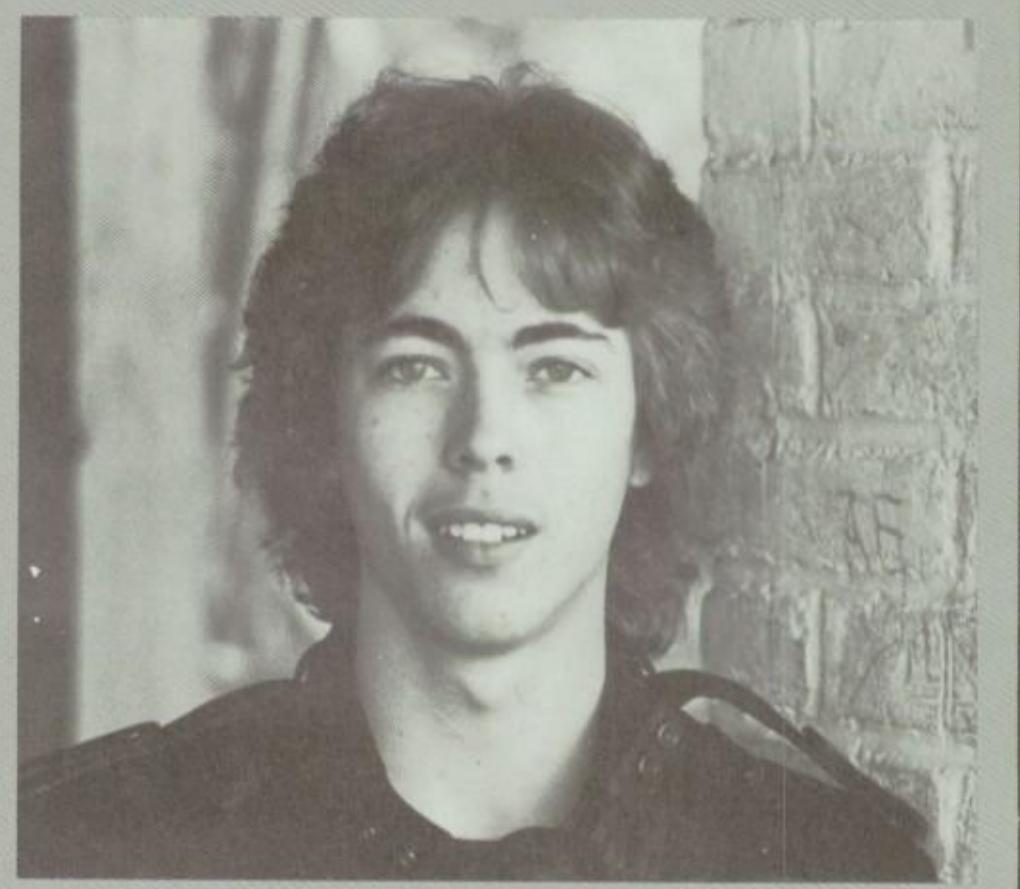
Lisl Schwalm

"Hell bent for leather."



Nancy Bronson

A dream in your mind is no more than a wish in your heart.



Jeff Morris



Sarah Morris

"Time may change me, but I can't change time."

— David Bowie

I and I/Patience have now long
time gone.

— Steel Pulse



Lisa Minkoff



Kris Rainho

"It's not the size of the ship, it's
the motion of the ocean.
Nourish the mind with positive
fertilizer; for it is the food for
growth, and the water for
talent"

To reject change is ridiculous;
without progressive reform the
changing needs of society can-
not be met.



John Smith



Gloria Sepulveda

My friends I know the time has come, the end for a few, the beginning for some. There's no place to hide, nowhere to run. What do we do when everythings done? Do we close out the world until we are numb? Do we party all night? Enjoy and have fun? Whatever you choose accepted, or shunned, just believe in your heart that you're still number one.

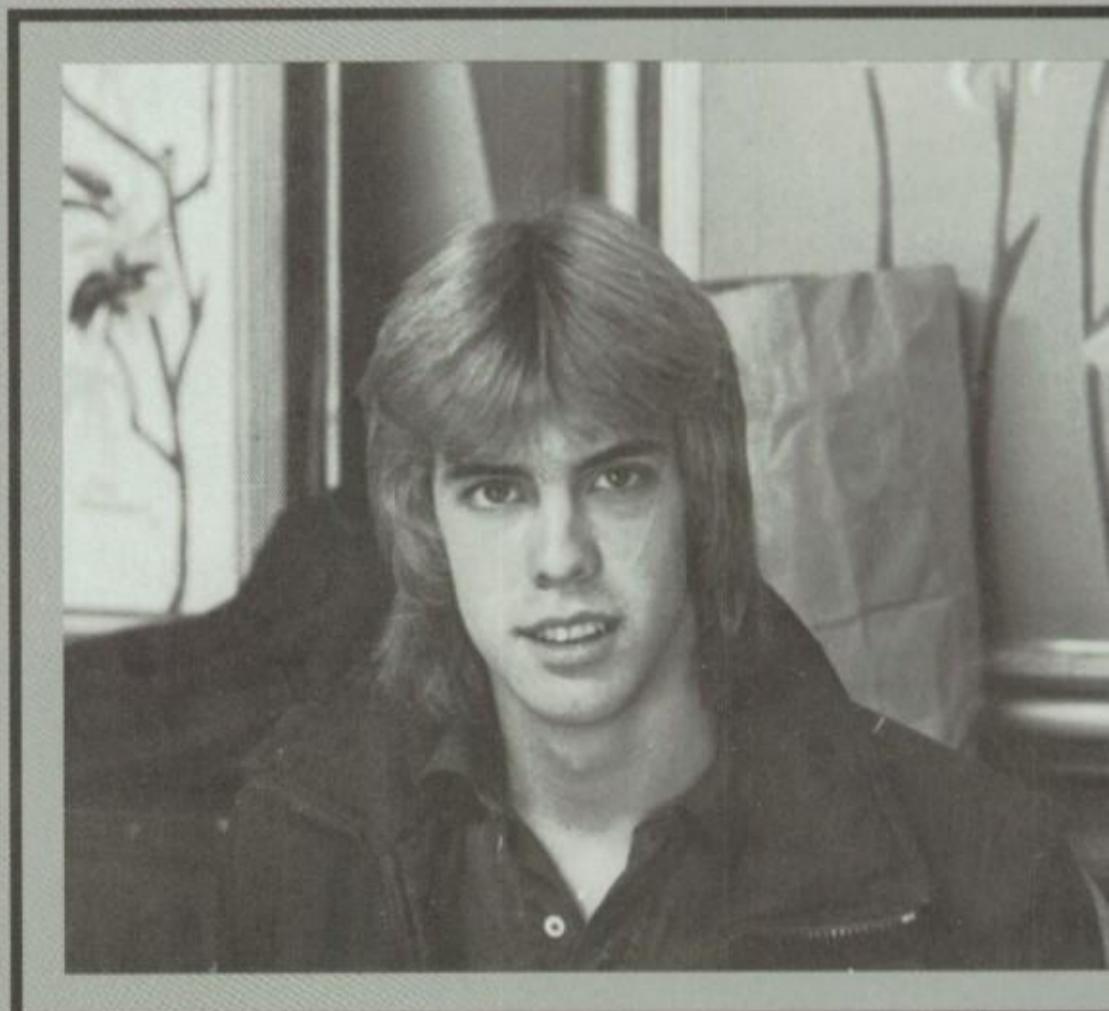


Melanie Fox

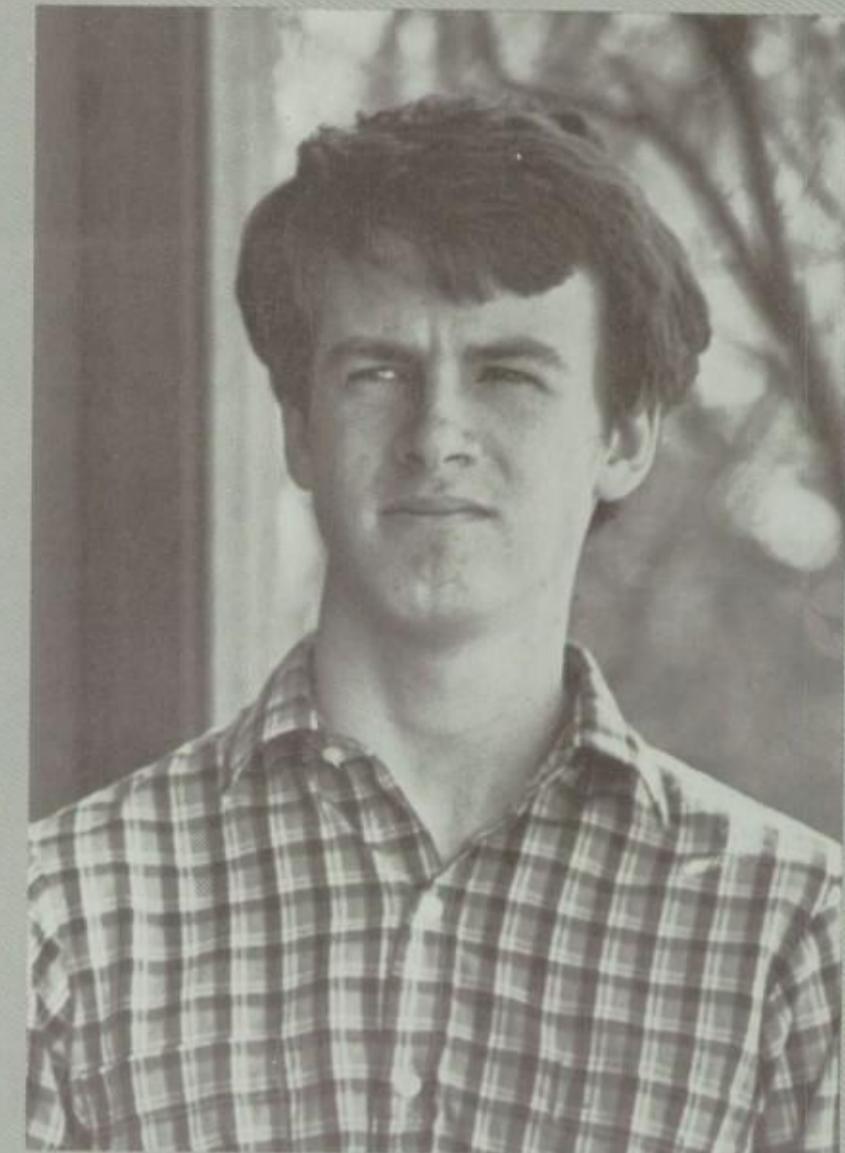
"I'm taking my time I'm just moving along. They'll forget about me after I've been gone."
— Boston

"If you listen very hard The tune will come to you at last. When all are one and one is all To be a rock and not to roll."

— Led Zeppelin



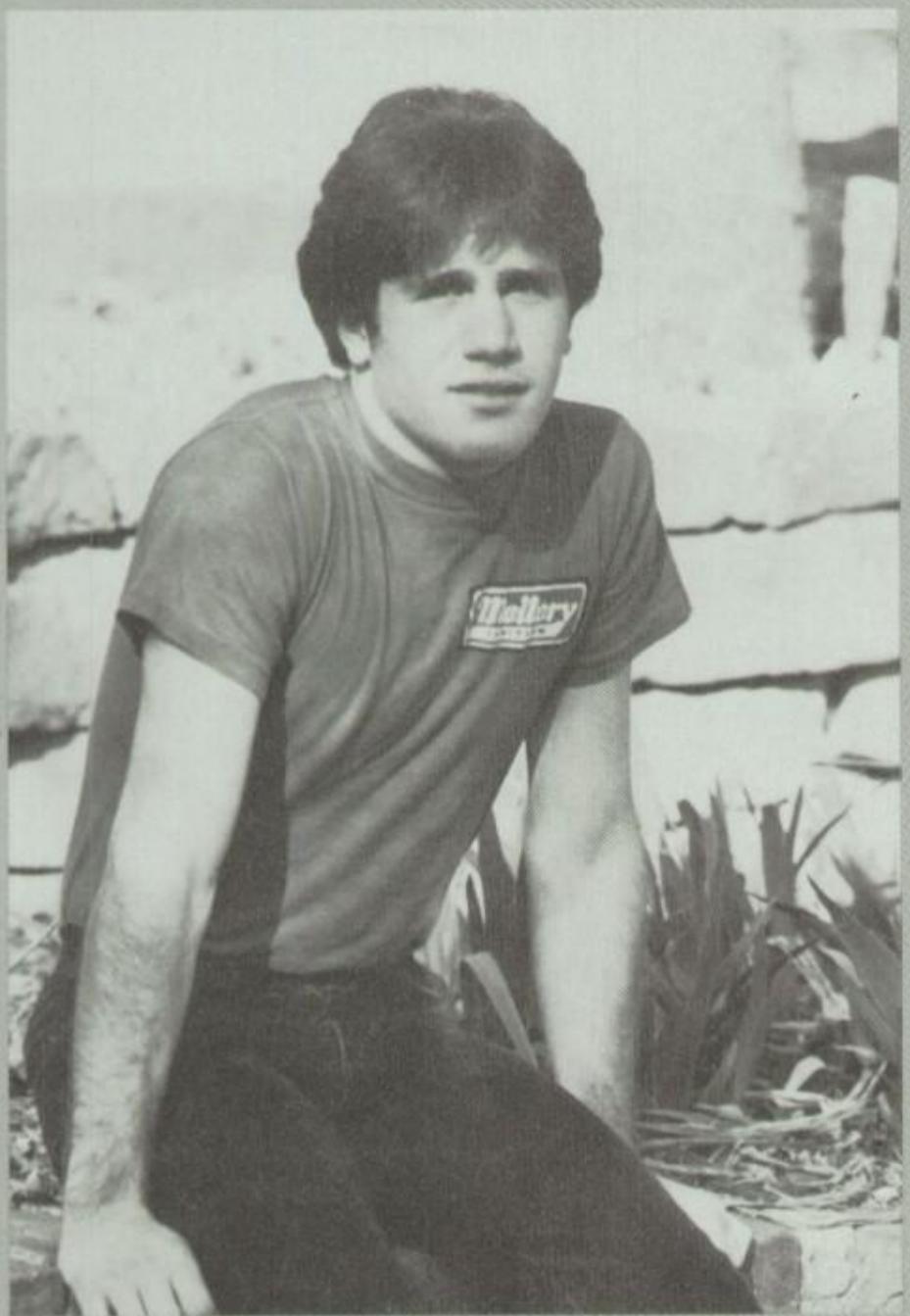
Bill Cody



Trish Pezdirtz

Jim Alexander

People were made to be loved and things were made to be used. Trouble begins when we reverse this and begin to love things and use people.



Pat Shepard

When you have a dream and you give it up you die along with it.

Welcome back my friends. To the show that never ends. We're so glad you could attend. Come inside, come inside. — ELP



Traci Brooks

No yesterdays are ever wasted for those who give themselves to today.



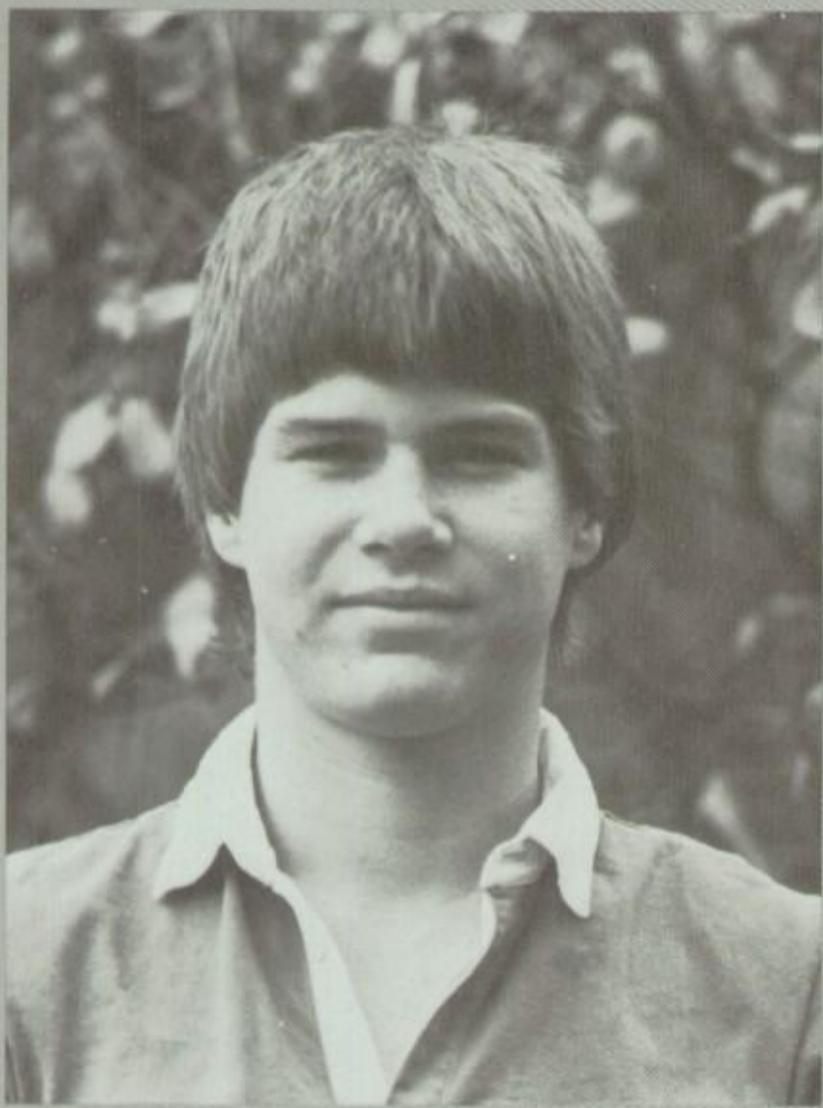
Karen Owen



Vonda Welch

"... It had been written, that those who have the youth have the future..."

— Nikki Sixx
Motley Crue



Jon Hutchinson

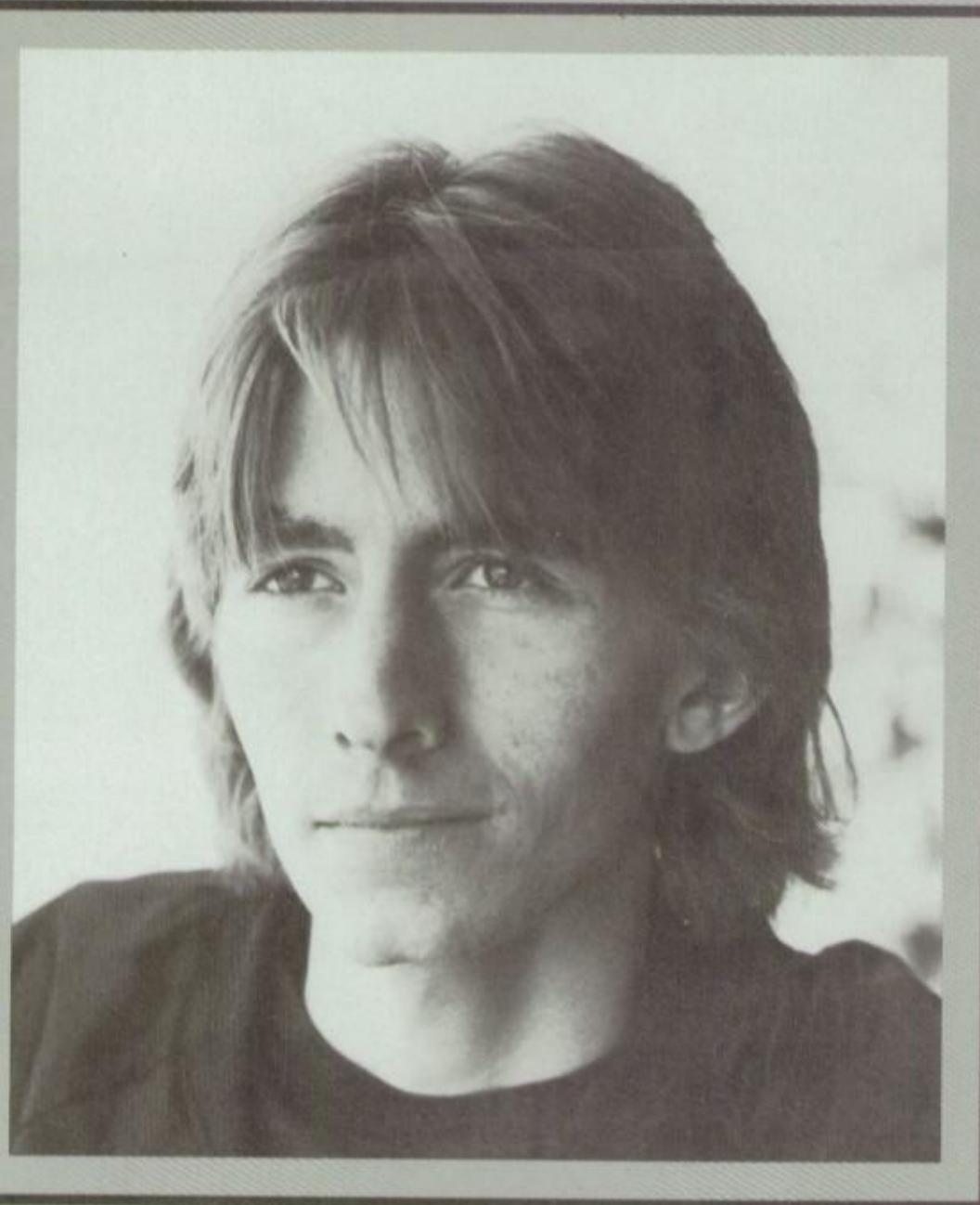


Tom Wareham



Debbie Lenhart





Roger Harder

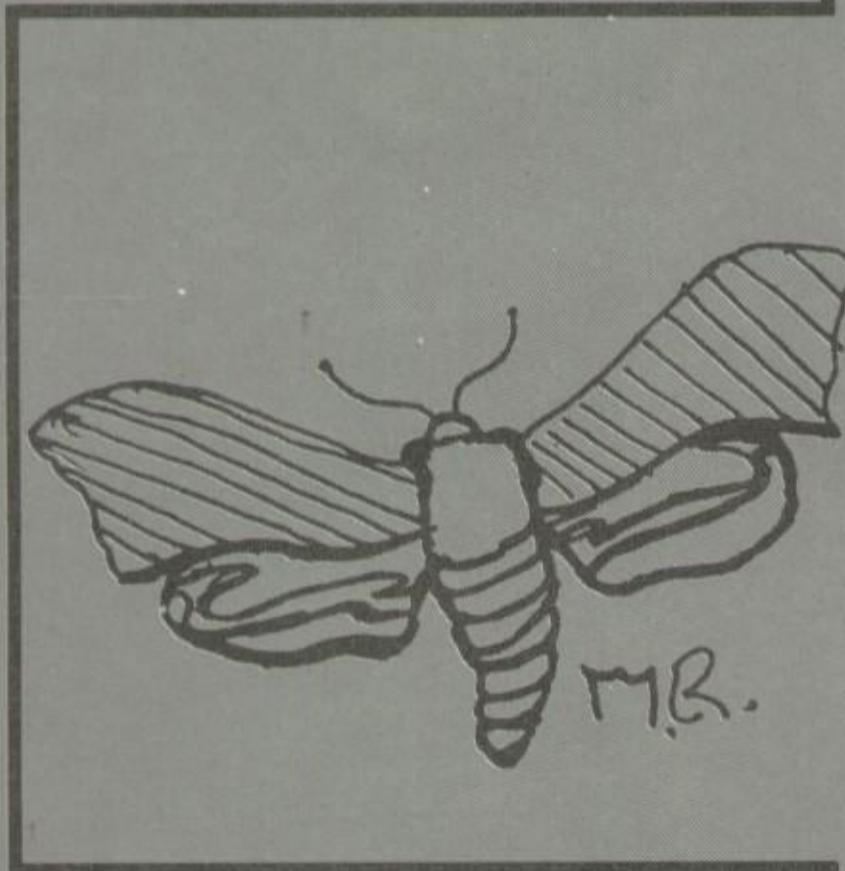


Dee Trees

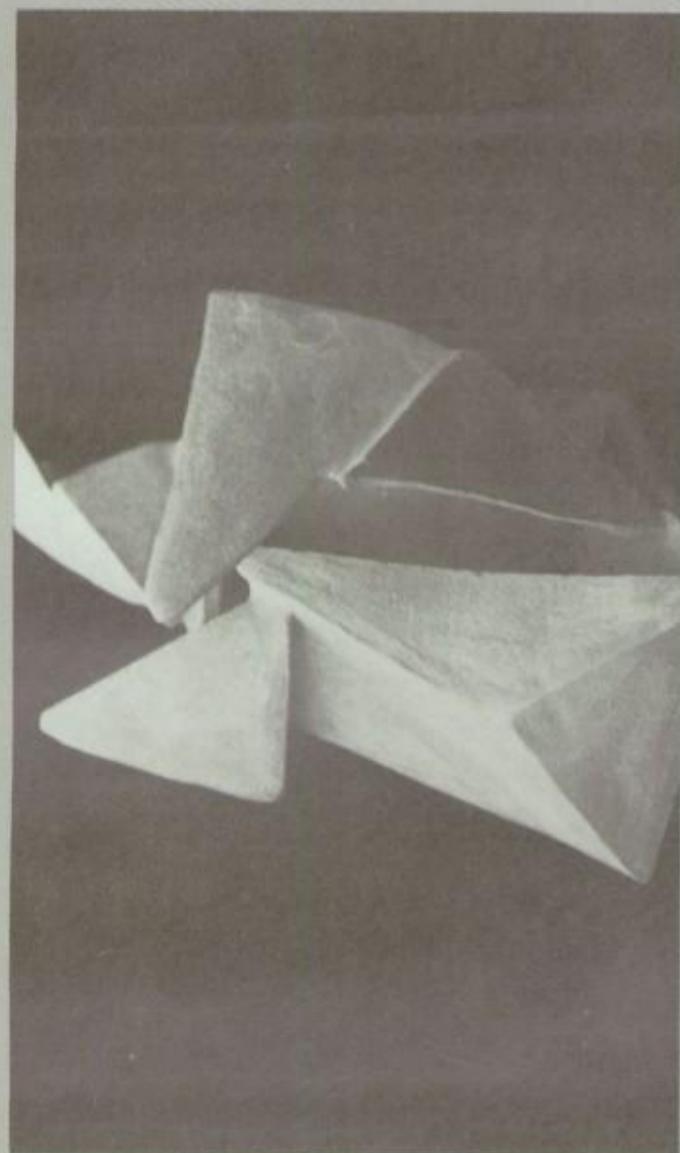


Rhonda Welch

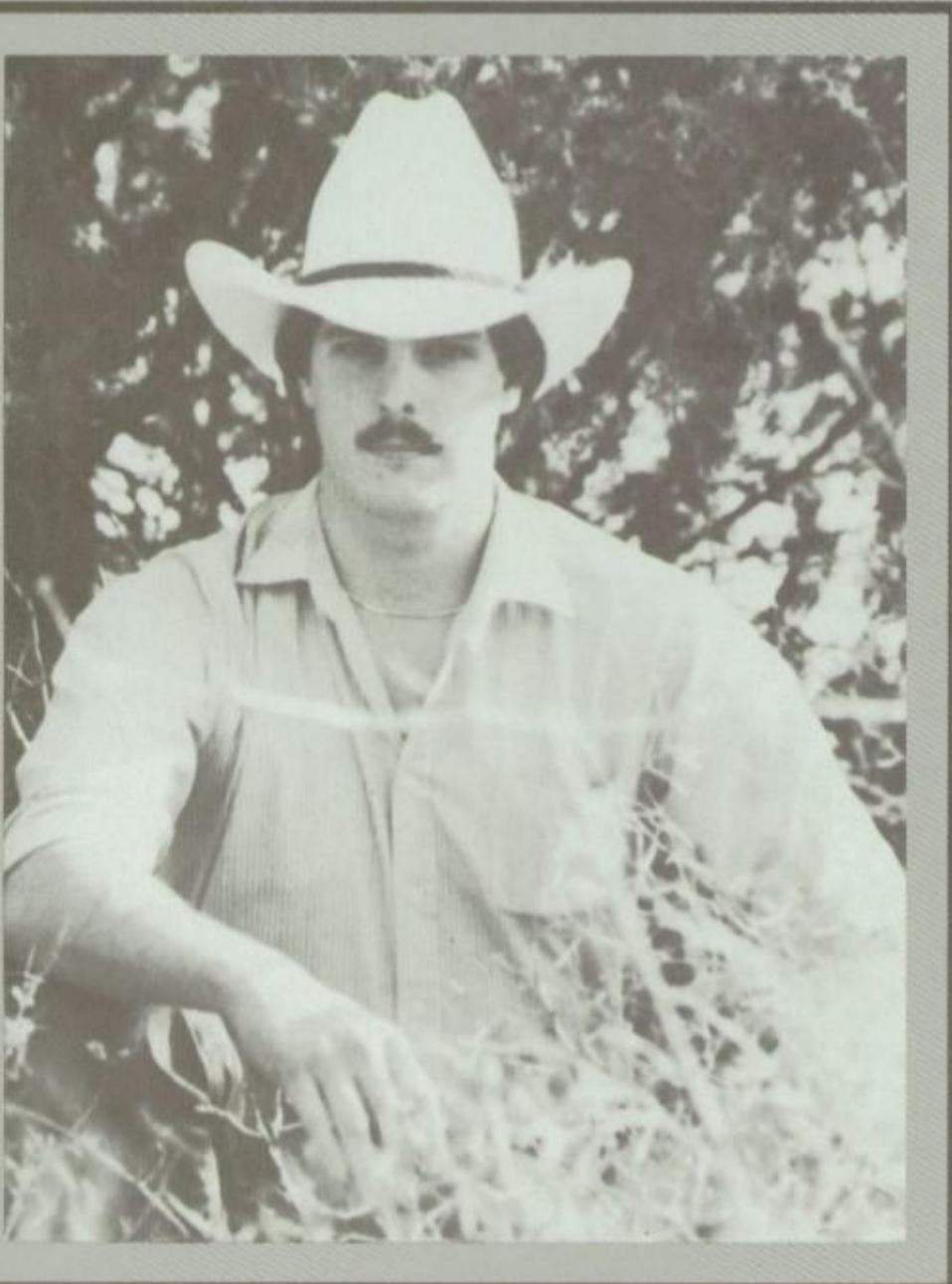
Oh yeah.
Life goes on
long after the
thrill of living
is gone. — John Cougar



Letha Truitt



Steve Kuehler



Tom Wallace





Fred Yole



Billy Goode



Lauri Burns

Marriage Takes Three

I once thought marriage took
just two to make a go;
but now I am convinced
it takes the Lord, also.
Not one marriage fails where
Christ is asked to enter
where lovers come together
with Jesus as the center.
Marriage seldom thrives and
homes are incomplete
'til He is welcome there
to help avoid defeat.
In homes where Christ is first
it's obvious to see
those unions really work
for marriage still take three.

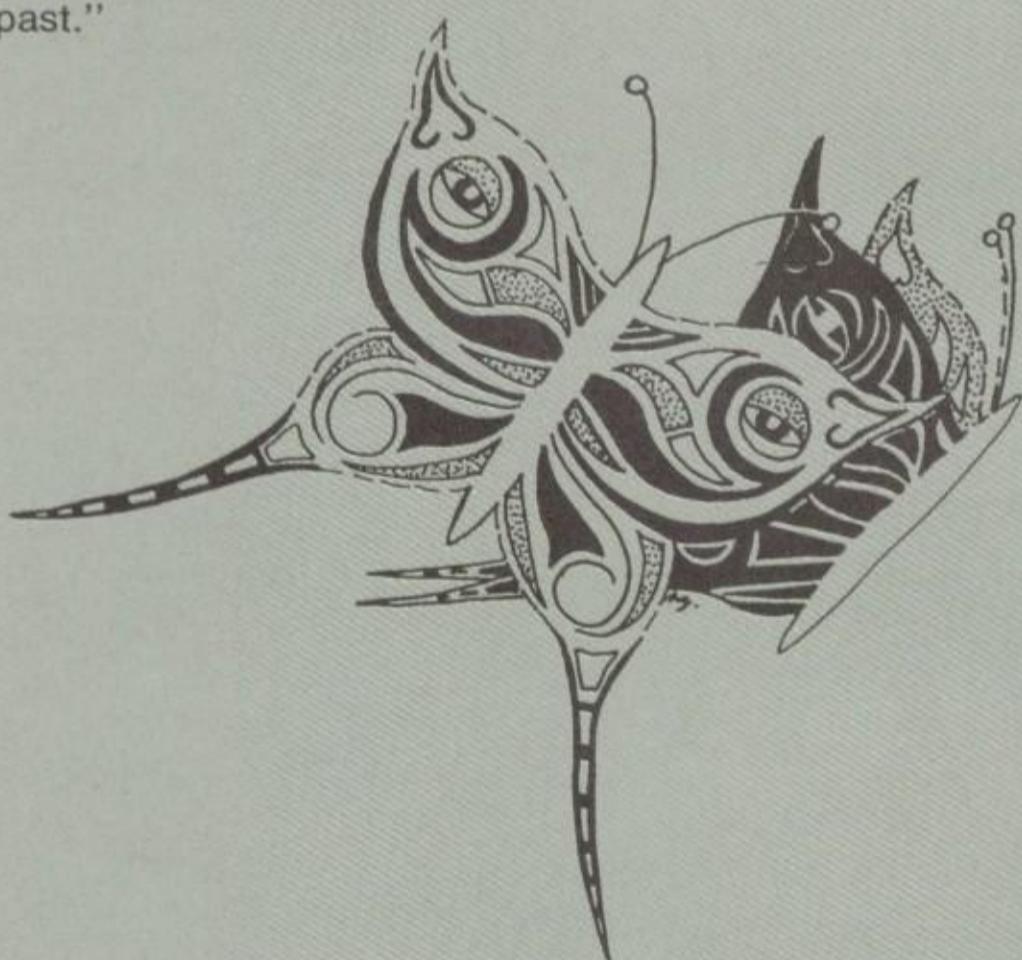


Lanne Waller

"Life is but a memory.
So make it last,
You can't bring back
What has past."



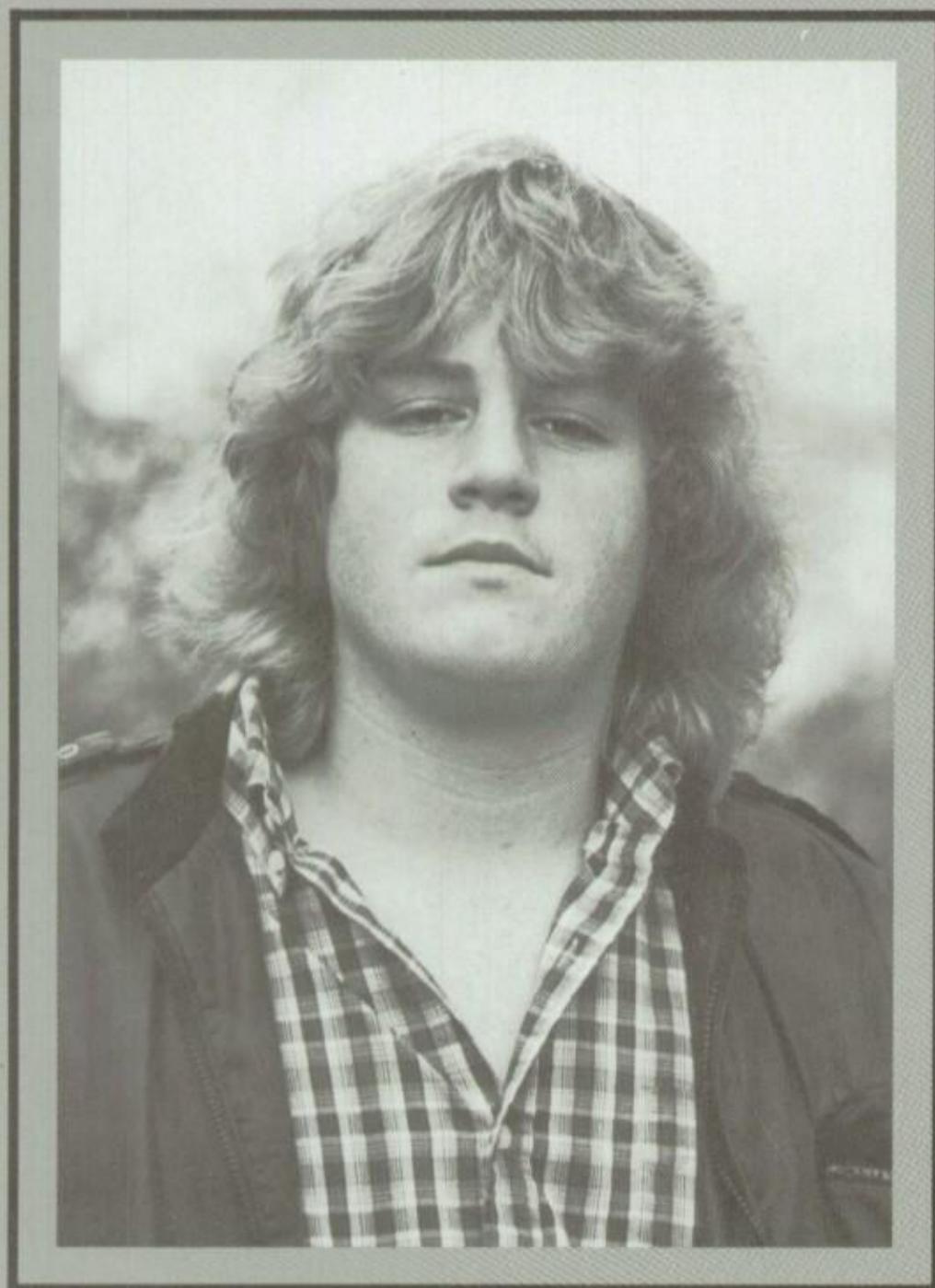
Cherie Stewart



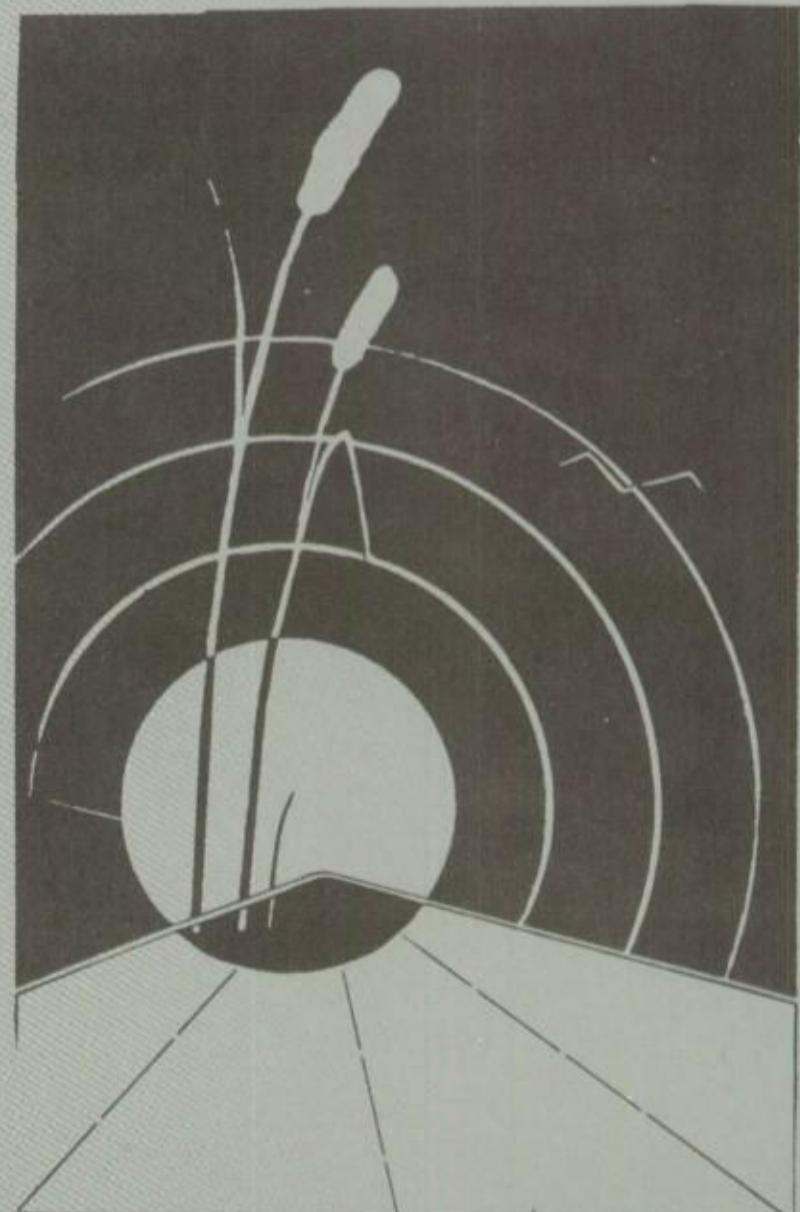
Drawing by Ulrike Gasprian



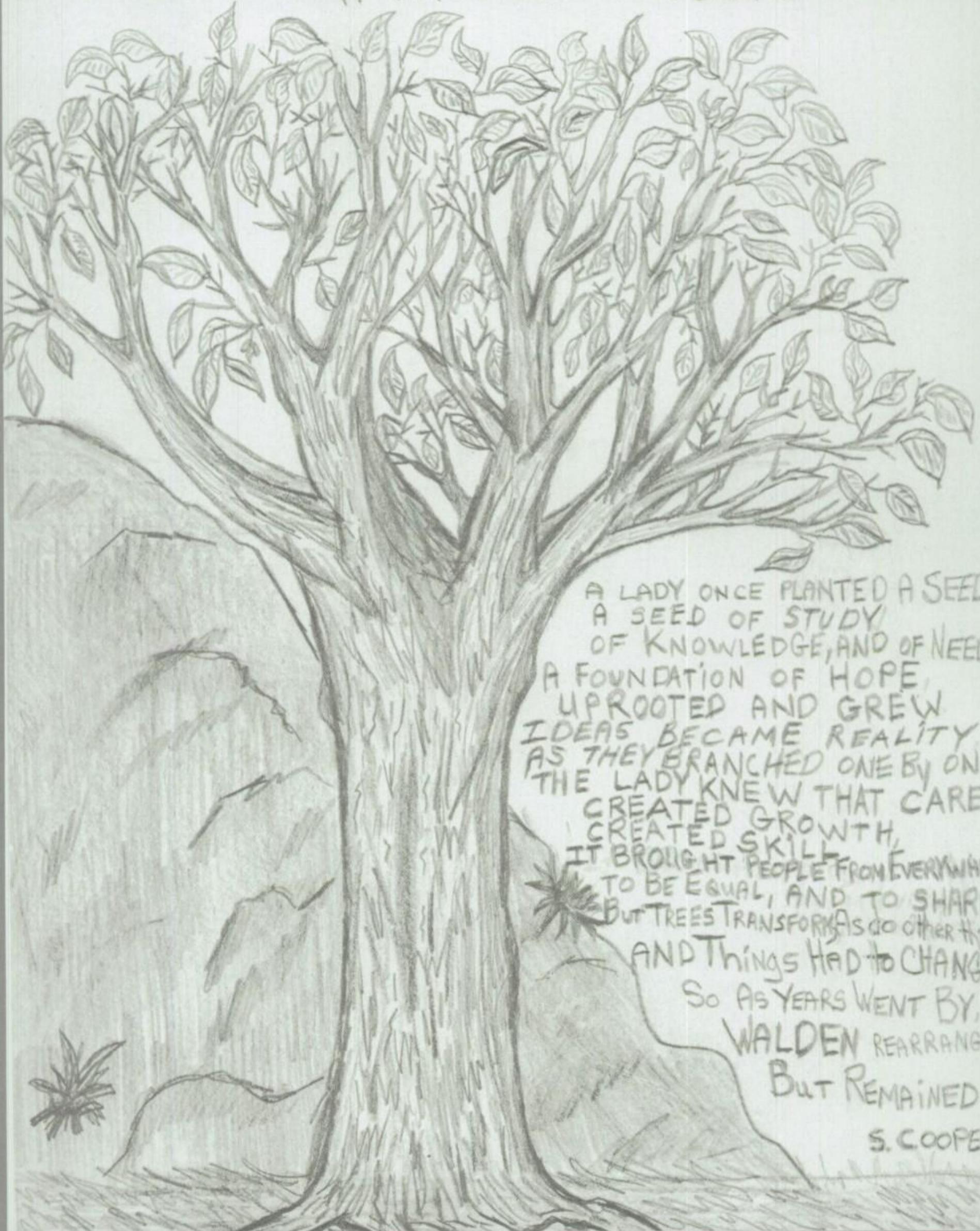
Nick Gurnas

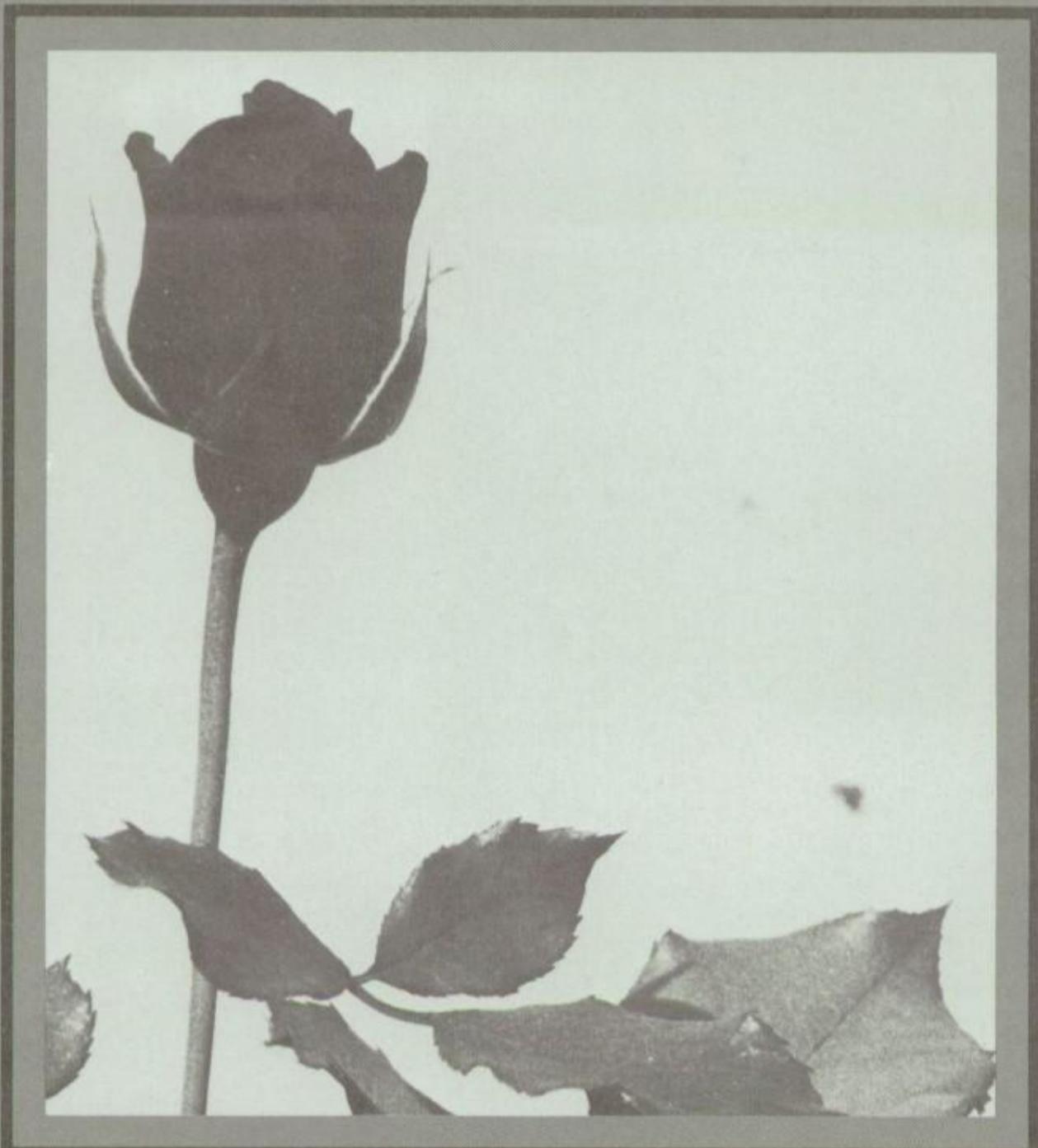


Craig Pate



A LASTING TRIBUTE





photograph by Peggie Rowe

I wish love were something that you could see with your eyes, touch with your fingers, or hold in your hand. Love is none of those things, though. If it were, perhaps we could better understand its nature. If love were an object, there are those who would try to capture it and put it in a box to hold as their's forever. Even now, there are those who try to put love in a cage. It is not the love that is caged, but the body that holds the love. With time, the love that is not free to move as it pleases soon withers and dies, leaving behind an empty heart.

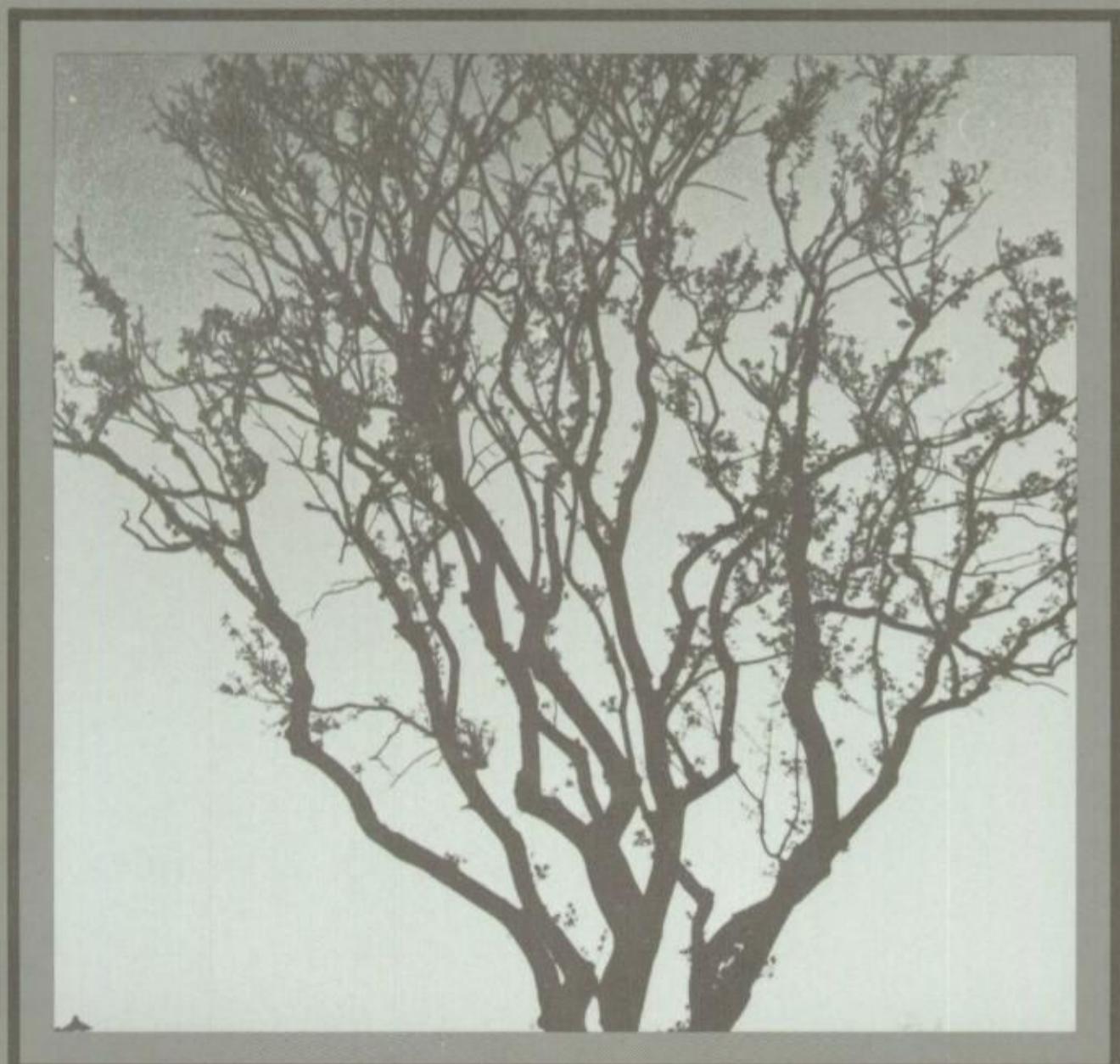
In some ways love can be seen, touched, held — but not with the naked eye or finger tip. It is, however, what makes a hug warm, or kisses sweet to the taste. Love, the most illusive creature, is all around those who are willing to share, to trust — to risk baring their hearts to the world. The next time you hold someone close, or look into the eyes of someone in love, you'll see it, and you'll feel it. Love is what makes the heart beat faster.

by Trish Booten

The Tree In Twilight

The tree at the end of the corner
is bound by roots
and its desire to reach the stars.
And in a way,
isn't the tree like you and me?
For in our fight
for height and strength
don't we sometimes overshadow
our nearby friends?
And in the end,
don't people and trees
end up in the same tomb?
The tree is fashioned
into man's coffin,
and together,
they return to the earth.

by Derek James



photograph by Mike Glover

Fear is orange.
It rings in your ears.
It burns your nose with an icy sting.
It leaves the taste of metal in your mouth.
Fear pierces like a lightening bolt.

— John Smith

Loneliness is grey.
It sounds like a person running
from something.
It smells like a musty day.
It tastes like a stale cigarette.
Loneliness feels like a never-ending day.

— Debbie Unger

Hate is a deep, dark brown.
It sounds like two cats fighting
in the night.
It smells like stale air
in a dark room.
It tastes like sour wine.
Hate is a burning sensation.

— Rita Brennan

Love is red.
It sounds like
two happy people.
It smells like
a perfumed room.
It tastes like
a wet kiss.
Love feels like you keep growing
forever.

— Debbie Unger

Love smells of soapy water,
mixed with an air
of forgotten cigarettes.

The taste of love is that of a fine wine — but it is not always served in a crystal glass. Love feels like a butterfly softly caressing your skin. Love sounds like a band, the drummer producing a moving beat, the bassist altering the beat of your heart, a guitarist emitting loud shrieks which only he and his guitar understand. And all the time, the vocalist singing the words others wish to hear.

— Bart Kennemar

LISTENING

Bach

I am walking alone in the forrest. The trees are all so tall and the leaves so green. The redbirds are singing. It sounds as if there is a distant waterfall. I am surrounded by big beautiful flowers. I can hear the crispness of leaves under my feet. I soon felt as if I was in a daze, just floating in space among the bright shining stars. They are getting brighter and brighter. I soon am back in the forrest, sitting under a tree. I am becoming very drowsy. I am relaxed and very content.

Chopin

I am riding a beautiful black stallion very near the ocean. There is an endless shore line. I soon begin to gallop faster and faster, and then begin to slow. I stop and get off the horse. I stand looking at the beautiful golden sunset. I am walking along the ocean with the horse. The crisp, cold waves caress my feet, and I am soon compelled to go deeper into the beckoning green waters.

— Nancy Woods

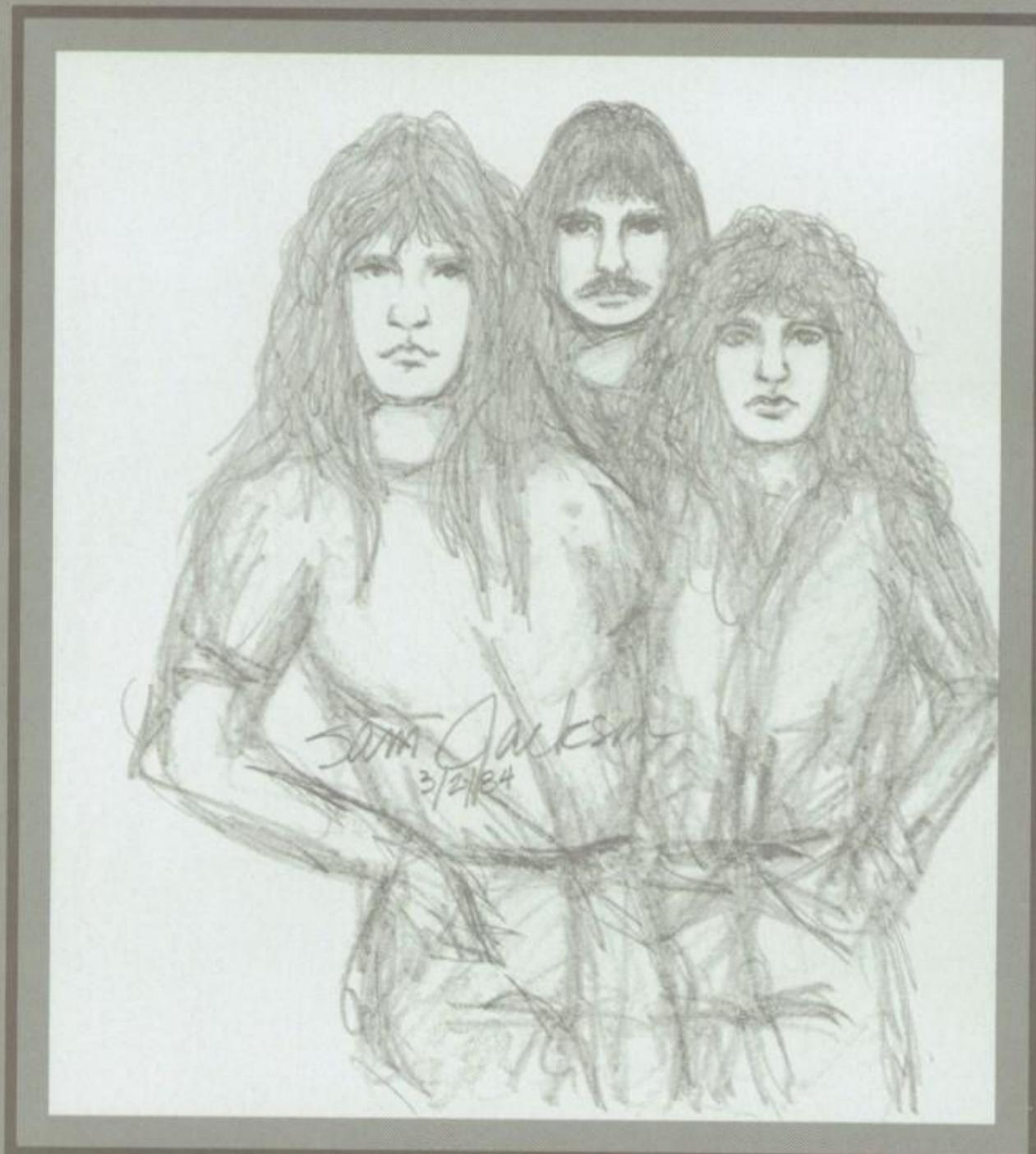


My Life

What is life? What is time?
I just keep moving on.
I wake to each morning,
and then the day is gone.
I have my friends,
and I know they're always there.
So tell me why I ask myself
just how many really care?
Am I the only one?
I think "wow", I'm fourteen.
But what have I done;
Has my life had meaning?
Will I ever know?
It seems I'm lost within myself
sometimes I feel so low.

The world is not a reality;
It's a game with faces and days.
No one knows the reason,
but everybody plays.
What is trust?
What is love?
Two things we never found.
Could I be the only one?
Are those things still around?
Is this my life?
Is this my world?
I'm tied up in such a mess,
trying and searching
everywhere,
for one thing — happiness.

— Amy Broyles



Poem for Katharine

She's new like young leaves,
born in spring.
She's got soft blonde hair
and smooth dimpled cheeks.
Dark distinct eyebrows
highlight her large
blue eyes.
She smiles.
When you return that
smile, from somewhere
deep down and hidden
your awkward gesture
becomes real.

— Stephen Houpt



photograph by Mike Glover

Leader of a young revolution,
Unskilled, but instinctive,
dominated by confusion.
Anger is lurking in the corners,
preparing its attack.
As anger grows more powerful,
confusion's power begins to dissolve.
Anger takes over —
Hostility towards everyone —
Life becomes miserable
with each day worse
than the one before,
until you realize you must
gain control again.
When this happens,
Anger fades away,
realizing it has lost the war.

— Rita Brennan

— Nancy Woods



photograph by Amy Jones

There is nothing that equals
the patience
of a cat.

Framed in the windowsill
like carved ivory,
unblinking,
she waits
for my return.

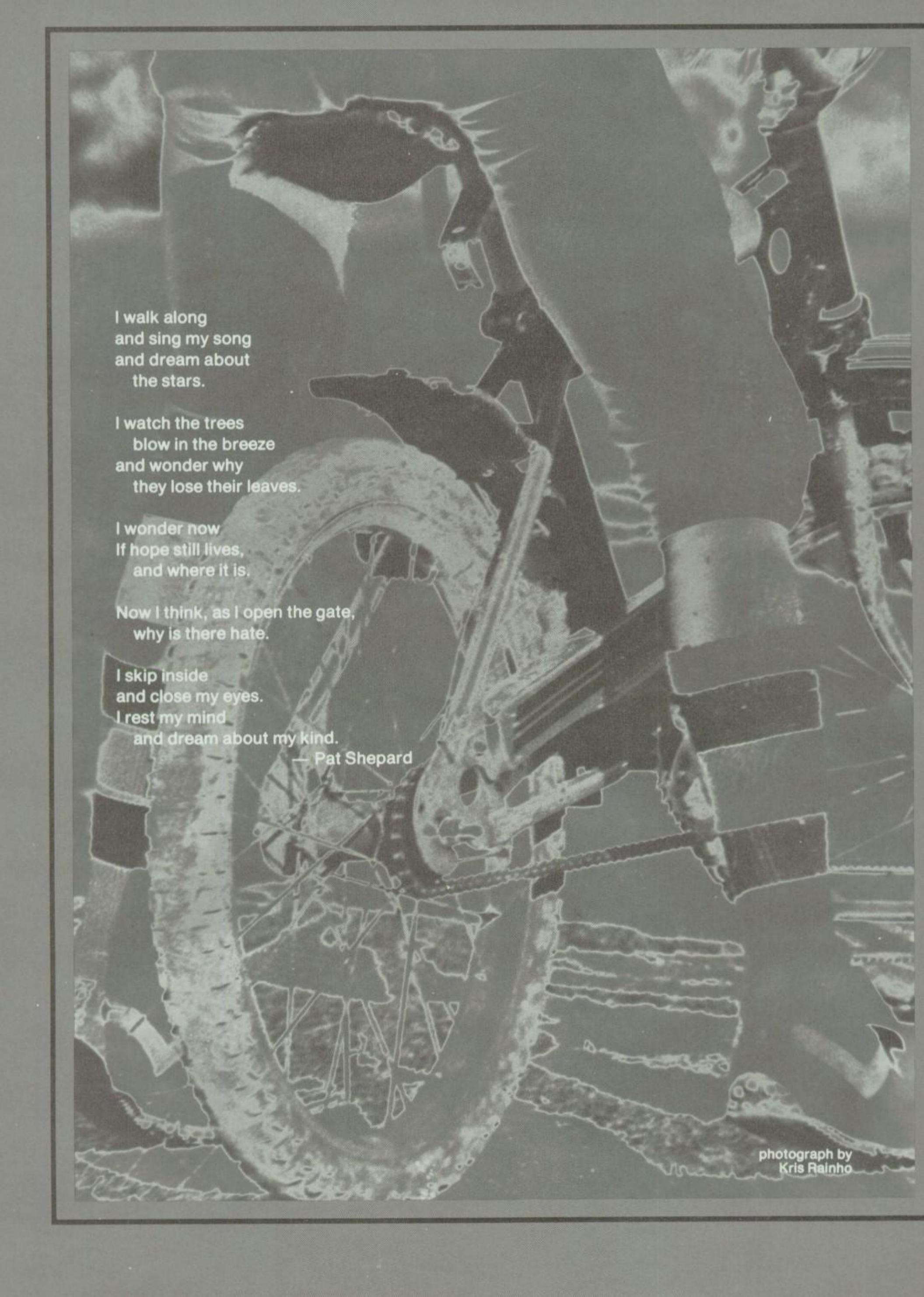
Fickle,
and merely human,
I am often late.
But she will be there,
her eyes focused serenely
on her own cat world,
waiting
as the afternoon
fades into twilight.

Constancy — not a human trait —
possesses an undeniable power,
and her presence,
as compelling as a beacon
in the window,
draws me home.

— Linda Shasberger



photograph
by
Peggie Rowe



I walk along
and sing my song
and dream about
the stars.

I watch the trees
blow in the breeze
and wonder why
they lose their leaves.

I wonder now
If hope still lives,
and where it is.

Now I think, as I open the gate,
why is there hate.

I skip inside
and close my eyes.
I rest my mind
and dream about my kind.

— Pat Shepard

photograph by
Kris Rainho

There are clear days when
a knot develops in the throat,
a fear that it all is too good,
too beautiful:

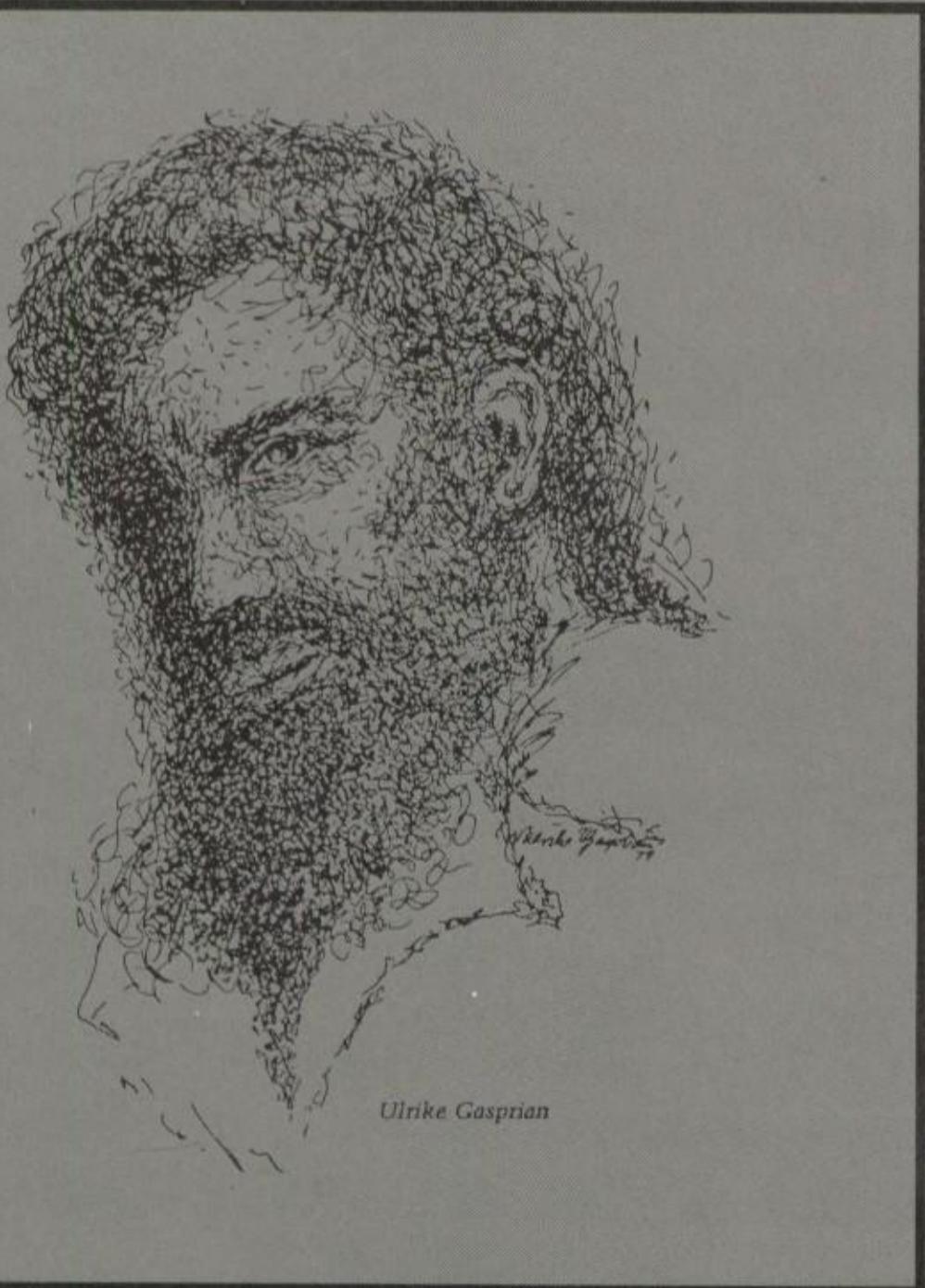
the purest blue sky and a breeze
and a love that scares to death,
squeezes the breath from lungs,
a panic . . .

the purest blue opens doors to the blackest night.
Beyond this high is an anguish
so overwhelming
that the fear is enough
to suffocate.

There are dead ends so dreadful
at the end of roads so pleasant
that the fear is enough to wish for quick death,
an alley way out
from the inevitable.

This beautiful moment is terror,
this beautiful day is black with fear.

— Pamela Francis



Broken glass,
like broken dreams
soon to be
replaced
by another pane.



Gazing at the
forbidden —
Why does it look
so green?



Photographs and writing
by Bart Kennemar

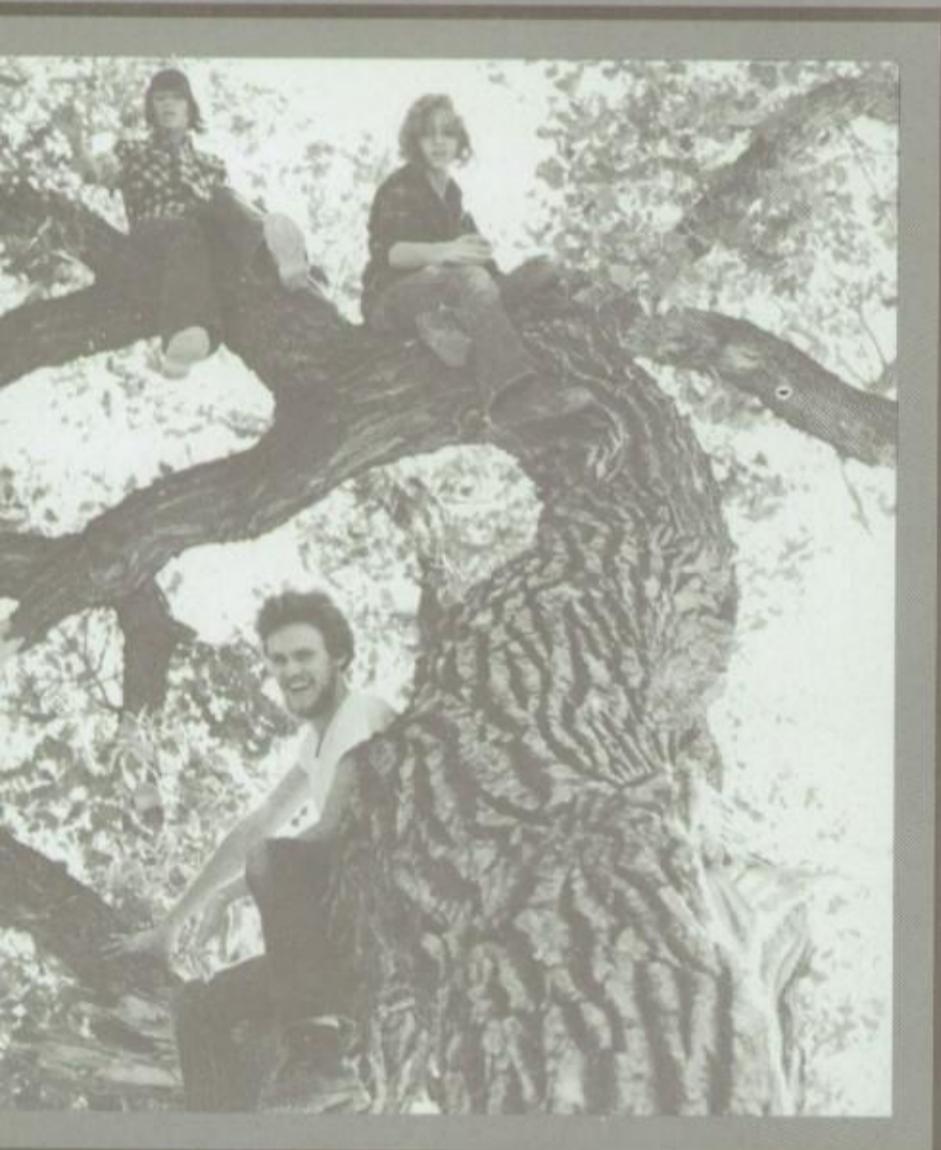
Atmosphere in an old but new place

Seeing old faces is always a joy, while seeing new faces
brings on mixed emotions. Are they gonna be cool or get
on our nerves? Are they here to invade, or are they here to
join in? The guiding figures, the leaders of the pack,
seemed anxious to get the year underway, while still
wishing for a day in the sun.

People wandering around lost and confused, and others
catching up on the news.

The beginning of the year always interesting, always full of
surprises and always full of emotion.

— Cherie Stewart



Changes
Changing mind
Changes
Changing time
Changes
Changing the sign
Changes
Changing the rhyme
Changes
All come in time

— Pat Shepard

Friends

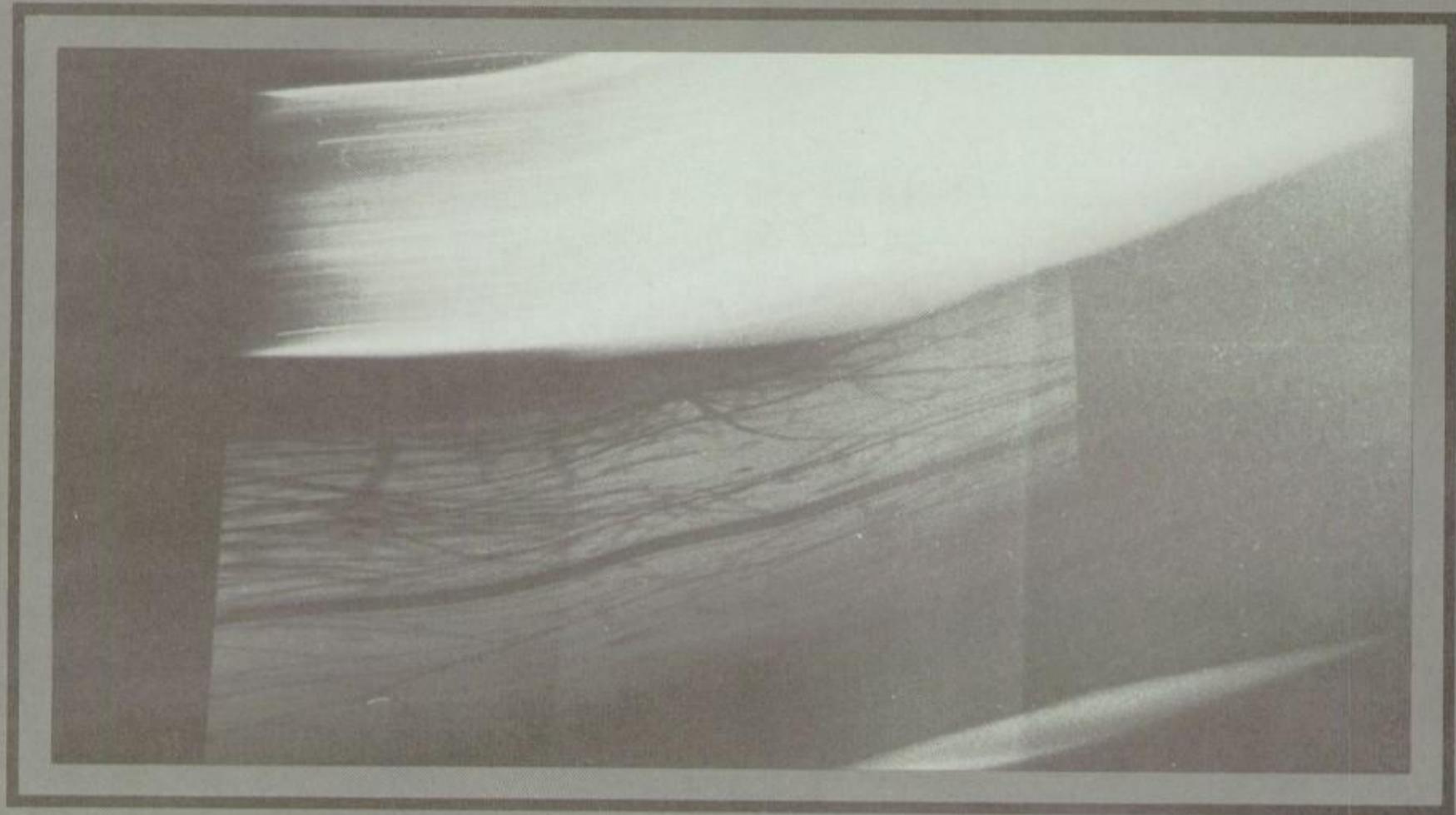
Times spent together,
cars we use,
all the money we spend,
the clothes we choose.
Week-end night parties,
walking in the park,
telling our fears,
scared of the dark.
Money to lend,
the stuff we buy,
our "private talks"
about all the guys.
The fun we've had
may it never end.
We want it to last,
and always be friends.

— Amy Broyles

Li Po could never write something so beautiful as the song of the nightingale
And Einstein could never invent something so elegant as a tree in spring-time bloom
Napoleon, with all his guns, could never fight something so awesome as a thunderstorm,
While the machines, the never-ending engines that keep a city moving, could never work so hard as
the tiny ant.
Mankind can destroy the nightingale, the tree, and the ant, with one swift blast.
But I, looking upon the thunderstorm in full force, think a little humility from human-kind, would be in
order.

Pamela Francis





My friend and I went on a camping trip, and while we were there, we encountered two men who had escaped from a mental institution. They had been hurt in World War II, and had brain damage. We heard gunfire and it was not the season for hunting, so we went to investigate. When we did, we realized we were being shot at. The men started to chase us, and I got hit, so we had to go to the hospital. We told the authorities, and they went on a hunt to find the men. Now, it was just like the two men were fighting another war. I wondered, if in their minds, they thought they were to be shot at daybreak . . .

Brad Scott



Photograph
by Kris Rainho



aultner
(Keltos)

tephen Hunt

John H

Bradford

erom

asberger

Bart Zimmerman

Shay Williams

John Scott

Han Leibler

Reggie Rowe

Thomas Teschke

import export

Nancy Woods

meets friends

Lis Minkoff
"Mink"

W. M. M.

W. M. M.

Oscar Daspres

Frank Vincent
Tom S. Wallace

romantic

